

# Maclean's

JULY 13, 1981

\$1.00

## Return of the hawk



**ISRAELI PREMIER  
MENACHEM BEGIN**



# Lazy Afternoon.



AND A TEST OF THE ASSUMPTIONS  
OF THE MODEL. (Continued)

**Maclean's**

## COVER STORY

### Return of the hawk

Israel's 2.5 million eligible voters chose their future last week after that country's longest, bitterest and most violent campaign. What they picked was a standoff between Moshecham Begin's Likud faction and Shimon Peres' opposition Labor. Only superhawk Begin appears capable of forming a coalition, however, writes Moshecham Peres' correspondent Muriel McDonald, who filed this report from the scene.

—Paul H.



### Requiem for a heavyweight

First came the national catharsis, then the clarion cheer on behalf of Terry Fox. — Page 26

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### Monuments to the man

Maris Zerafa's architectural firm is relentlessly changing the face of Canadian cities. —Page 10



### Incentive to bargain

In Kampuchea, Laos and Vietnam itself, Hanoi is facing growing guerrilla resistance. — Page 2



### Sublimely uncruffled

The Queen Mother remains calm in the face of Canadian royal wedding hysteria. — Page 35

Because the postal strike has disrupted mail service, this issue of Maclean's is being distributed free to more than 600,000 households in 15 Canadian cities. If you are a subscriber, we're glad we have reached you. If you don't regularly see Maclean's, we hope this opportunity will convince you to subscribe (see page 17). During the strike you may phone your subscription order toll free in B.C. 1-800-363-0306, elsewhere 1-800-363-0281. All current subscriptions will have their terms extended by the number of disrupted weeks.



#### A. *Mytilus* (Mussel) populations

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## EDITORIAL

# Jim Coutts: the anointing of a Machiavellian cherub



By Peter C. Newman

"Clear it with Coutts" has been a password to power in Ottawa for most of the past two decades. He has reigned inside the office of two prime ministers, Lester Pearson and Pierre Trudeau, directing the traffic of people and policies, eager supplicants and bushy-tailed white-kids of all ages.

Like Macdonnell King and Jack Pickensgrill, his role models, Coutts has never recognized much scope for public service away from power. He has not gone all the way in accepting the standard Grit doctrine that by taking on the burdens of office the Liberals are really bestowing a benefaction on the nation at large. He does believe that any criticism of liberalism and all its works is essentially an unpatriotic activity. A uniquely partisan figure, he is best caught by Richard Guy's description of him in *The Northern Mynas*: "Jim Coutts was and is a political phenomenon such as Canada has never known before—Machiavelli masquerading as a cherub."

The mask slipped a little last week (see page 32) when Coutts, after 28 years in Liberal back rooms, stepped forward as a surprise candidate in Toronto's Spadina riding. (Its incumbent, Peter Stollery, has only one claim to fame: driving a taxi whenever he gets restless being an obscure Liberal back-bencher. He is

now willing to give up this pursuit in favor of a shot in the Senate, which will net him about \$1 million over the next quarter century.)

It's easy enough to be cynical about these manoeuvrings, particularly since rumors abound that this is only a first step in Coutts's quest for the Liberal leadership. (A sampling of the week's rumors included Marc Lalonde's attempts to persuade former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa to run in the Joliette by-election and Peter Lougheed's change of heart—to go federal and try to become the first long-term Alberta prime minister in Canadian history.)

All such speculation aside, Jim Coutts is probably well qualified to be in Parliament. He is bright, funny, has a social conscience, speaks French, collects Canadian art and hats from small-town Alberta.

He is a master of political infighting, having engineered (with Allan MacEachern) the December, 1979, coup that overthrew the Clark government, as well as having recruited several politicians from other parties either into Liberal cabinets (Jack Harner and, very nearly, Ed Schreyer) or into the Senate (Claude Wagner, Jack Marshall and Bob Mair). It was also Coutts who coined "The Wimp" as Joe Clark's nickname.

Whatever the final outcome in Spadina may be on Aug. 17, the succession to Pierre Elliott Trudeau is under way.

## Maclean's

July 13, 1983

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# Just tell it like it really is!

*'Newspapers shouldn't reserve all their skepticism for outside'*

By George Bain

"He was shrewd, reliable and filled with a sense of the dramatic. He never saw things exactly as they were. His imagination was too strong. But his stories were always interesting and looked well in print." As, say, Janet Cooke's in *The Washington Post* in the story about Little Jimmy, the eight-year-old heroin addict, which won a Pulitzer Prize the *Post* had to rescind when it turned out there was no Little Jimmy.

The writer of this was no Little Jimmy. He was Robert J. Casey, a reporter in Chicago during the '30s and '40s. In 1948, Casey wrote a book called *Shocking the People*. It was about newspapers and was dotted with star-studded stories that were fakes. At this point, I sense readers pointed to say I suffer from an undernourished

worse, but better. The generosity of newspapers are more responsible. It's out of fashion to admire fabrication, or to work at it. Nobody, or nobody I know, calls working for newspapers "the newspaper game" anymore because they don't think of it that way.

So how to account for a Little Jimmy? What caused the *Daily Newsman* in Ulster to create and name a British soldier as the vehicle for his story on fighting in Belfast? How does a reporter for *The Village Voice* come to write a story so that at least most people are led to believe she was saying she had interviewed a murderer, when the essential facts were obtained from third parties? Or, back home, what's to account for *The Gazette* saying eight premiers were ready to accept a charter of rights but René Lévesque and Sterling Lyon quivered the deal, something all right say never happened?

Some of the answers are dead simple. Reporters are terribly vulnerable to being misled by "usually reliable sources," especially when they take information "not far afield." They are also capable, of course, of getting things just plain wrong. We journalists have a failing for being skeptical about everything except our own stuff. Also, it's a competitive business and some people, bent on getting ahead, won't care at all if they're on fact if they think that will do it. It's also true that, being newspaper in another way, papers do like to win awards that they can boast about.

But the root of the problem is in what might be called *The Good Story Syndrome*. As with child hoaxes, news people have a terrible frustration to look at *Good Story* in the mouth. Everyone who has been in the business 10 minutes knows a good story on sight. It's the one they read and say, "Wow, that's a good story" and, if they are editors, mark for page 1. The Cooke, Dely, Terrence Carpenter (*The Village Voice*) and *Gazette* stories were *Good Stories*, obviously. In the first two cases, the *Pulitzer* Prize judges thought so, too. It is significant, and contains the point about resistance against requiring into the antecedents of *Good Stories*, that, in the *Daily* case, an editor says that tighter enforcement of editing standards is needed, that reporters and columnists haven't been supervised enough, that "none of the facts" was to have been too permissive at the editing level. In other words, that papers shouldn't reserve all their skepticism for outside

A distinguished Washington correspondent (the *London Times*) once lamented, tongue in cheek, that "altogether too many good stories have been ruined by over-verification." What the editor of the *Daily News* was saying—and others, notwithstanding improvement, should be saying—in that not nearly enough have been

George Bain is director of the school of journalism at the University of King's College in Halifax.



Still, what we have seen in the *Post* case and several others, including most recently *The Toronto Star*, isn't a new form of editorial sin, but a throwback to bad old days when improving on fact was no reason as to not be worth taking credit, especially in the press club bar. When the *Post* fell, it followed by laying bare the whole affair in an 18,000-word story on the next Sunday's edition. That's a lot of laying bare. When the *National Gazette* was caught out on what had happened—hadn't, actually—at a meeting of eight provincial premiers, it confessed its error in that most public of public places, on page 1.

By contrast, Casey told the story of how Lowell Thomas, who became a most accurate figure in the news business, once as a young reporter dropped his newspaper into a fire pit because of what, in Casey's words, "was, as it is called in the trade, a fake." No public admission of a moral lapse was made by the paper. Thomas wasn't fired, as was *The Toronto Star's* Donald Ramsey. He didn't quit, as did Michael Dely of the *New York Times* when he was accused of having embellished a story from Britain's *Irish Times*. Thomas was told to get the paper out of being wrong, somehow—which, incidentally, he did. And that was that. The net, then, being Pollyannaish in saying things aren't



Fall's the time when people have more time to chat and make friends. When inns and restaurants have more room to welcome you. And when all of Nova Scotia seems to be celebrating something. The Fishermen's Reunion in Lunenburg; the Designer Craftsman Show in Halifax; the Hants County Exhibition, North America's oldest, in Windsor. They're all part of fall in Nova Scotia!

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# For my monument, look around you

As Canada's busiest architect, Boris Zerafa is changing the face of cities everywhere



ON Tower and Royal Bank Plaza, WZM projects in Toronto. Zerafa at home

By Anthony Whittingham

There's a point in the drive, just at the brow of the Avenue Road hill, where he feels the vice particularly grinding. As downtown Toronto suddenly rears up on the horizon, Boris Zerafa can't help but sigh with the sluggish crawl of morning rush-hour traffic. Proves the tax leather underneath of his Rolli-Royce, he will tip his cigar and judge the stereo volume slightly higher, using himself momentarily in the maelstrom of sight and sound as the city he has helped to shape moves closer into view. It is in those moments that Zerafa can gaze out over his own monuments, admiring his accomplishments and contemplating new ones—regarding his surroundings with the sharp eye of a businessman and the soaring eye of an artist.

In the unique fusion of skills that come together to create modern urban

architecture—a sometimes uneasy alliance of art, engineering and business—Boris Zerafa has found a special niche. Together with his partners, Zerafa has drawn the architecture firm of Webb, Zerafa, Boskoff, Hauden to the unacknowledged peak of corporate and commercial building in Canada. Under a frenetic screeny resembling the call letters of an American radio station, WZMB has planned hundreds of buildings throughout Canada, shaping the downtown core of three cities in particular: Toronto, Vancouver and Calgary. In each project, as Vancouver Centre, Royal Centre, Bow Valley Square, CN Tower and Hazelton Lanes, WZMB has guided the corporate hand, writing the urban signature from coast to coast. Today, the momentum of the firm is no less than with night offices in Canada and the U.S. and one in Paris, a professional staff of nearly 350, more than 20 projects under construction and

another 15 in the planning stages, WZMB has moved into the ranks of world architectural giants—easily the largest and busiest firm in Canada, and among the top 10 in the U.S.

Boris Zerafa strides into the office, his morning reverie shed away in a breath, hauled by converting artistic concepts into business strategies. He is already boiling over with the energy that will exhaust most of his colleagues by the end of the day. The very presence reveals a man of complex qualities: towering and virulent one minute, giggling and almost silly the next, one minute angry and shouting, then persuasive and philosophical. He cuts a strange figure, white hair atop a baldy forehead, generous eyes hidden behind oversized square glasses, sparkling English in an accent both familiar and foreign, lapsing into French in the next sentence, and then Italian. "Dear Boris," his colleagues say, rolling their eyes. "Boris is really a work of art!" What would we do without him?

And yet, Zerafa is the first to admit he can be a difficult man to work with. "I am emotional," he confesses, "and I burst quite easily. But I try to control my temper—and it's not real realistic. If I get into a temper, the best thing for me to do is to sit down at the piano." There is no piano at the office. Instead, he keeps a large rubber mallet on his desk to absorb the vibrations. But at his home, hidden away on three acres of rolling grounds at the northern fringe of Toronto, he will often catch himself away for several hours and, under a massive skylight, play Bach or Beethoven with a skill that might in earlier years have launched him in a

major career instead of architecture. The blending of talents is not surprising considering that his father was an architect and his mother a concert pianist. Born in Egypt, Zerafa owes his surname to Italian-Spanish ancestors and his Christian name to a grandfather's enthusiasm for Beethoven—though his father was British and his mother Italian. Even today there is an aura of mystery surrounding his origins. As Zerafa tells it, he was educated in Cairo and Paris, then moved to London to study architecture, and emigrated to Canada with his British wife, Beverley, at the age of 39 following the Egyptian revolution in 1956. Slowly, over the years—"This a godfather," his friends say—has brought the rest of his family over to Canada to join him, and now presides at the head of the clan. Family evenings at the Zerafa home, in the posh surroundings of Old World baronial splendor set off by the anarchic splashing of modern paintings, resemble a European musical salon enervated by the warmth of a Middle Eastern banister as Boris and his three younger brothers—a doctor, a painter and a musician—compete for space around the piano bench. "I play the loudest," Boris laughs.

Whatever Zerafa's contribution, the detailed level is high. So is the ego. "Of course he's vain," says one long-standing colleague. "Sometimes it's almost insufferable." When Zerafa discusses the work of WZMB, although it is the combined work of dozens of professionals, it almost always translates into "my building" and "my building"—that a concept for which architects are famous, but which doesn't always sit well with colleagues, or with clients.

Zerafa himself is a skilled dancer and plays a supervisory role in developing the concepts behind many of the firm's projects—but he's too busy to spend the hours hunched over a drafting table "imagining" each building. In the case of the firm's celebrated Royal Bank Plaza in Toronto, for example, he takes a more behind-the-scenes position for hours on end, visualizing a dispositive form, mirroring the changing moods around it, but in reality, his greatest contribution may have been in persuading the bank to use WZMB as designers at all. This is so in all tribute to his skills as a business sense and negotiator, as the Royal has been the only bank as far as to use Canadian architects for its downtown Toronto skyscraper tower. Similarly, Zerafa has played a key role in negotiating the even larger bid office complex for Petro-Canada in its city's new big business district. Yet Zerafa is forever fanning over the esthetic details of each project with the inevitable result that he genuinely believes the final product is "his." Con-



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sionally this becomes too much for his partners to bear. In one celebrated incident several years ago, a newspaper article gave credit to Serafini for designing a particular women's project, causing the actual design architect to become so incensed that he telephoned the newspaper office. This resulted in a correction being printed the next day—only to be retracted the third day by Serafini himself.

In several other cases, the risk diet of dealing with Serafini seemed to dictate to certain gaudier clients that the contract retaining WZMH expressly stipulated that Serafini wouldn't be allowed near the project. Says longtime associate Gerry Mulvey, a leading Canadian electrical engineer, "Whatever Boris takes on, he's larger than life." That's

setting up separate "territories" with Webb now retired, Nerken controls the Montreal office. Headed the U.S. operations out of Dallas, leaving Boris to run the show in Toronto and points west. Another formula for success has been the partners' ability to encourage individual creativity among their key designers. For a firm whose first, and only, Massey Medal for architecture came in its earliest days for the sensitive, low-key urban infill project known as Leblanc House, in Toronto's midtown River Street district, some architecture critics would argue that WZMH "hold out" somewhere along the line to the imaginative world of glass boxes and corporate towers. While WZMH has assembled a wide-ranging portfolio of projects over the years, the core, and

lexicon, northwestern and other public monuments. WZMH has yet to receive such a commission. "I hope some day we will," observes Serafini, almost wistfully, less wistful in every architect known, than it is these projects, alternately, which confer the true imprimatur, the stamp of society's approval. In the meantime, Serafini's appreciation of history gives him a monolingual regard: "Throughout civilization, we have witnessed an evolution of those structures which are to be regarded, in their context, as the 'embodiment' of a culture. It started with the agoras in Greek times, and passed on through to the temple, the cathedral, the palace, the museum, the guild, the bank and, finally, the corporation. We believe in what we're doing, and we believe we're doing it well."



WZMH projects (from left): Petro-Canada in Calgary; Toronto's Maurizio Lanes; CMT tower in Boston



no less true of the pet projects that haven't worked: the restaurant with an unappetizing menu of Middle Eastern cuisine that floundered in the heart of Toronto's trendy Viceroyville or his involvement in Joyce Wieland's box-office disaster, *The Fur Store*.

Egotistical as Serafini may be, he's still a team player, and few of his successes would likely have been possible without the breeding infusions of his three partners, who came together in the Montreal law office of John Turner 20 years ago to form WZMH: Peter Webb, Ross Nerken and Rick Hoeselien. In a profession of volatile ages, the four founding partners have not only managed to stay together throughout, but have also maintained the loyalty of dozens of associates, including some early employees who are now WZMH partners. Part of the secret has been

patience, of its success has been the corporate office tower. It's a specialty in its own right, to which WZMH has brought a particular flair: combining efficiency, reliability and design originality. It knows what corporate clients like, and the emphasis on pragmatism over high art is partly responsible for the lack of a recognizable WZMH style. "The general consensus among professional peers," observes Toronto architect Barton Myers, "is that WZMH is never at the cutting edge of new architectural work, but is brilliant at outstanding new ideas and giving them more mass popular appeal. Better that WZMH has the influence it does than a lot of other, less imaginative large-scale firms."

Still, it is often the smaller "solo" firms such as those of Myers, Arthur Erickson or Ronald Thom, that receive the "plum" commissions—the art gal-

leries, theatres and other public monuments. The constant ringing of the telephone offers a confirmation. In this typical day, Serafini will meet with Peter Sorel Sirog to discuss sculpture for a plaza in Boston. After that, a meeting with Albert Rockman of Olympia & York Developments Ltd. to go over work in Tulsa, Okla. Later a meeting with Arthur Erickson to go over their joint venture project in Juba, Saudi Arabia. It may be late in the evening before Boris climbs back into his car—as grand, no pretensions, such a perfect expression of the man himself—and carried by the brooding renaissance of Mahler or Rachmaninoff, drifts from the immediacy of today into a sense of the larger sweep of events. "As the city changes, I hope I will live to see some of our buildings torn down. I hope my grandchildren will live to see the towers we've endured." ☐

## DA TELINE: PHILIPPINES



Marcos' radical, unrestrained cruelty

## A people under the gun

By Richard Vokoy

Close An instant pause. Then the explosively propelled grenade fragments begin a slaughter of the innocents. It is Easter Sunday—a time for Filipinos to rejoice. Yet San Pedro Cathedral is now splattered with blood, defiled by the agony of the dying and the maimed. Thirty minutes later, as many still lie helpless, the second strike is heard.

Even in war-torn Southeast Asia, Mindanao, the last northeastern, second-largest of the Philippines' 7,100 islands, merits no reputation for violence. The suspect list for the cathedral bombings, which killed 16 and wounded 171 in the northeastern city of Davao (population 800,000), shows very dramatic leaders: the personal grievance of a vengeful politician, a right-wing hit squad and specially sanctioned "Lont Comand" counterinsurgency forces were all prime candidates. The military backers of just re-elected strong man President Ferdinand Marcos, meanwhile, accused the New People's Army (NPA) whose communist guerrillas have made deep inroads in predominantly Christian eastern parts of the island. Ultimately, however, the regime tried—with little success—to pin the blame on the Muslim separatist Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF).

It is with the MNLF that any attempt to describe Mindanao's turmoil must begin. The MNLF plays hardball, but in its eight years with war "Marco" 800,000-man armed forces of the Philip-

pos, it has never attacked a Catholic church, killed a priest or nun. Nevertheless, the fighting, though confined mostly to Muslim-majority areas in Western Mindanao and the adjacent Sulu Islands, has claimed at least 60,000 lives.

During the 380 years of Spanish rule and on through the Americans (1898 to 1946), Japanese (1946 to 1949) and independence periods of Philippine history, the area's Muslims—converted to Islam by 14th-century traders—have fiercely resisted domination. At the turn of the century, following their victory over the

Spaniards, more than 1,200 American soldiers were killed in subsequent clashes with the Filipinos. By the time Marcos declared martial law in 1972, land, economic and political pressures from Christian settlers had brought about the formation of a 30,000-man MNLF army led by commanders trained in nearby Malaysia and equipped with modern weaponry by mastermind Lihyan Cui. Monsieur Khasidi (Maros) refused to meet MNLF demands, including those for meaningful autonomy in previously historically inhabited by the Moro (Spanish for Moor).

It's not the cola that makes it sparkle.

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people, sparked full-scale war.

In one major battle, Jolo (population 100,000), the seat of an ancient sultanate, was burned under heavy artillery and naval bombardment. Ten-aga Moros rebels made their last stand in the city's Sultan Catherine college—initially the altar master of several

MNLF leaders. Preparing to die, they painted defeat MNLF slogans on school-room walls with their own blood before being gunned down. Cruelty has generally been unrestrained in the mountains and thick jungle. "It is sometimes hard to die," says a government sniper, acknowledging that both sides have often spent days slowly executing prisoners. As villages and mosques have burned, more than one million Mos-

rebel surrenders turned rebels again and wiped out 182 government soldiers on tiny Pinta Island. Subsequent peace operations left between 400 and 1,500 Muslim civilians dead. Other members, as well as army troops and deserters, have been involved in gunrunning, smuggling,

whole families—mother, father, three or four children—sneakily laid out on a bamboo mat. "We're looking for names," the investigator explains.

The Moros have paid a stiff price for their pride and vengeance. Fighting and uncertainty deprive their region of development opportunities. While army

operations often mean loss of life and property, some also seem aimed at depriving the majority of its self-respect, rough body searches at checkpoints, for instance. Young Muslim males may be forced, at the end of an 18-hour day, to dance or sing for hours on end. They may also be hooded, held at gunpoint, or blindfolded, beaten and dragged off for further interrogation.

But, most tragic of all, the demographic clock in

## The demographic clock winds down on the Moros



We formed Muslim guerrillas. It is sometimes hard to die



Strong men Moros: difficult to identify killer or victim, never mind motive

lems have, at one time or another, become refugees. Tens of thousands have died. Christians, especially subsistence farmers and fishermen living in areas where the two communities are inter-spersed, have also suffered greatly in the crossfire.

In 1976, the Conference of Bishops' States investigated charges of genocide and succeeded in negotiating a ceasefire, but it quickly collapsed. Since then there has been a climate of violent anarchy in which it is often difficult to distinguish between killer and victim, never mind motive. The well-armed surviving 10,000 hard-core MNLF members continue a scattered guerrilla war from secret base areas. Thousands of other Muslims who have "surrendered" for amnesties, such as high school scholarships and serve with the regime's Civilian Home Defense Force (CHDF), are often truly loyal to Marcos. Just re-

believe, even pray. Travelers, afraid of robbery or ambush parties as some overlook has routes, occasionally dine by way of coastal beaches which, in turn, can be vulnerable to heavily armed men in high-speed outriggers.

The Marcos regime adds to the confusion with its covert intelligence and paramilitary groups. In some areas, hill tribesmen are armed in Vietnamese master-and-servant style and ordered to harass the MNLF. In other areas, government liquidation squads compete with MNLF teams to provide human litter for downed garbage crews. Every two days, a body or part of one is hauled from Cotabate City's Palagana River. "Not sure of the motive for this one," says a Catholic Church priest. In one case, a man of an island-wide series of amputations that shows a man's head in a triangle of old rifles. Another overexposed photo depicts the bullet-riddled corpse of a

winding down on the Moros. Each year they become a smaller minority, both nationally—three million out of 40 million—and in Mindanao and Sulu, where the foster-growing Christian population of two million non-outlanders, three times as many. Military pressure, meanwhile, forces them into even more geographic concentrations.

The MNLF can no more win a military victory. In the south than in the 50 army battalions the Marcos regime has stationed there—and neither side is prepared to make concessions. One result is that the Moro movement, once smaller but louder, and moving politically leftward, wants to co-ordinate with pro-Christian Christian groups also seeking to end Marcos' rule. You can see how new point out that the Christmas of Mindanao are also mostly poor, and fear the land-grabbing of Marcos-allyed barons and the huge Jus-

apologues that enjoy his army's protection.

It's hard to trace to the Mindanao, once dubbed the Philippines' "Land of Promise" for its abundant underpopulated territory, huge chunks of land are now concentrated in the hands of a favored few. Moreover, resentment has grown rapidly among Christians over the increased presence of the army. Combat troops speak mainly a familiar southern dialect and are often ill-paid, badly educated, undisciplined, and beyond the reach of civilian law. There is less looting than in Muslim areas, where villagers can be stripped looting-like of pots, pans, chickens, goats, cash and jewelry, even the fruit off the trees. But the drunken, sometimes mad, deranged soldier is just as feared and each act of checkpoint extortion remembered with equal bitterness.

There is thus more than geographic significance in a relatively new underground agreement between the Moslems and the communists' morning provisions where predominantly Muslim and predominantly Christian Mindanao sometimes brush together. It allows MNLF and NPA units to adopt complicated signals codes to avoid firing on each other's patrols. The ceasefire has operated in almost 50 of the nation's 77 provinces and have elicited a deep response from the island's Christians involved in organizing farmers, laborers and the poor in general in a Maoist-style "protracted struggle." The NPA's growing armed attacks have diverted considerable army forces to Mindanao's eastern half. The Marcos regime, in fact, has acknowledged that an "invisible NPA government" exists in and around Davao City.

The conflict has deeply moved the Catholic Church, whose priests and nuns speak out strongly against abuses and atrocities. One such priest was executed in his home the week before the Davao grenade attacks. Many Catholic clergywomen sympathize with the NPA, if only because it is in a position to hit back on behalf of the poor. Some priests and nuns have actually joined the communists; others have taken up arms under the Sandigan army, a small group that espouses democratic-socialist, noncommunist reform. Ranged against them are such government-backed rightist death squads as the "Rural Reform Movement" which, in one municipality alone, claims to have liquidated 100 NPA sympathizers, mostly poor farmers.

Nonetheless, there is now evidence pointing to the possible involvement of the Left Command, another of the Marcos regime's paramilitary units, in Easter Sunday's San Pedro Cathedral slaughter. The second grenade had been thrown in the presence of both govern-

ment troops and of Left Command members who earlier in the day had fought a gunfight with local police. In addition, though the regime denies it, the second explosion was followed by vicious close-range automatic weapon fire as the helpless churchgoers. Motives are still unknown, but in Mindanao the mindless mind can seem omnipotent.

In a fairly typical recent week, NPA ambushes in the southwest killed 30 government soldiers and three civilians in what is generally considered MNLF territory. Five NPA soldiers, including

a commander, were reportedly shot dead in another two-hour firefight. Army helicopters strafed an NPA camp not far from Davao City, where they claimed to have slain an "Amnaso," the paragon attached to the mostly middle-class female secondary graduates who have been seeking communist ranks for several years. There were two grenade attacks, one north of Davao, one in Cotabate City. And as MNLF commander was killed from the Polangan River. And so it goes in a land where each of the promise has become deadly.

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**FOLLOW-UP**

## Raising global consciousness



Macdonald off a cliff in a Cadillac

Canadians may be forgiven if they have forgotten details of External Affairs Minister Mark Macdonald's maiden speech to the United Nations last August. His address, geared to the UN Special Session's theme of international development, was more notable for what it did not offer, namely more dollars for Canada's foreign aid budget, than for specific commitments.

But Macdonald did make one firm promise. Concerned with perceived Canadian indifference to the growing North-South gap, he pledged to create something called a Future Secretariat to increase national public awareness of growing global issues. And last month Macdonald's program was born with a 21-member board of directors and everyone's favorite defeated politician, former Conservative cabinet minister David Macdonald, as its president.

If the secretariat's formation has caused as few ripples across the country as the speech that started it all, it has produced a wave of momentum and optimism within the more specialized development community in Canada. For some time, doubts have clouded on the Future Secretariat's declared independence from government and on the possibility that its promised \$500,000 grant from the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) will be found at the expense of existing agencies. They also centre on apparently fuzzy objectives and ineptistic thinking, doubts that the secretariat's first official public statements did little to dispel.

"We have a lot of half-baked ideas that we would not dream of revealing to such sophisticated people as jour-



so pure... so smooth.

elves," board Chairman Kurt Seibert told an audience of mystified Ottawa journalists at the launching news conference. Board member and longtime Trudeau confidant Jacques Hébert talked about "creating a collective conscience" about the Third World in Canada. President MacDonald, retreating from a question about how the secretariat plans to spend its proposed \$1-million first-year budget (half of which has still to be found in the private sector), spoke about "plugging some of the gaps in the North-South dialogue." In fact MacDonald, once one of the

secretariat's critics, had only been recruited the week before the organization went public. The board, heavy on business with a scattering of educators and taken representation from labor, the church, politics and women's organizations, had met only once. Still, it was difficult to understand why, after months of gearing up, the Future Secretariat had so little to say about itself.

Several of these months were spent under the direction of another former cabinet minister, Jona Campagnolo. After a highly successful fund-raising campaign for refugee camps in Thai-

land, Campagnolo was recruited by MacGugin. One of her models was Par-tyocracy, the media-driven birth undertaken by her sports ministry a few years ago that inspired thousands of overweight Canadians to jog city streets in fervent imitation of the mythic 86-year-old Swede. Campagnolo eventually withdrew from involvement in the secretariat because "I was still perceived as too politically partisan." But the impression remains that the secretariat is about to raise Canada's global consciousness with a rain dance of 60-second television jingles.

Under no illusion that it will be easy to quell the cynicism, MacDonald deserves reaction to his appointment among his development-oriented friends as "like watching your modern-in-law drive off a cliff in your Cadillac." But after months of opposition, besides the the Canadian Council for International Co-operation (CCIC), which represents 80 development agencies, have switched into a wary neutral. "There is still a lot of skepticism," says CCIC's Executive Director Richard Harniman. "Will it be merely a propaganda tool? Will it undercut existing programs? It still has to prove itself, but we have a high regard for David."

Ironically, MacDonald has had the most link so far from the United Church of Canada, where he is an ordained minister and member of the international affairs committee. Long a vocal critic of Canadian investment activities in Third World countries such as Guatemala and those in southern Africa, the church views the secretariat's business-oriented board with suspicion. Says church staff officer Bonnie Greene, who is only partially mollified by the presence of United Church moderator Len Wilson on the name board: "They have a financial stake in preserving the status quo. If the secretariat reflects that point of view it won't help much to raise Canadian consciousness. Will David have to support them?"

MacDonald, whose public career in and out of politics has always marked him as his own man, must now turn some of the half-baked ideas into proof that the Future Secretariat is nobody's patsy. He's not afraid of the pitfalls because "I think I stand a good chance of avoiding them. Maybe I'm a bit of a Pollyanna," he says with characteristic reassurance as he juggles a summer schedule that includes teaching at the University of Prince Edward Island and a string of contracts and speaking engagements. "But I think all the confusion about the secretariat may be an asset. This is something bigger than aid and trade. It's about making a major shift in our institutions, in our whole society. And I feel that exciting."

—JEANETTE GRAY

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## Playing to the cowboys

Though it's still officially the case that anyone would confuse Yango and Biear at luncheon with Dodge City at high noon, Tarentation is not making it to the current western cruise at a city that would do even Dodge proud. Belling up to the fern bars by the door to these days are the **Western**

**Make western: every-looking cowpoke**



dinner of John Travolta and Debra Winger, stars of the 1980 movie *Dances with Wolves* which added momentum to the whole stampede back to the old west.

The western theme is turning out to be a favorite with sponsors of conventions, trade shows and exhibitions. The annual sales conference of the grocery products divisions of Canada Packers Ltd., for example, held at Toronto's Prince Hotel in May, featured an elaborately staged western cruise on the fiscal evening. The sales staff and guests were not only served by saloon-attired blackjacks, dealers and waitresses, but found themselves mingling with some pretty every-looking cowpokes who periodically slipped it out with each other and staged a bank robbery.

"There was fake blood all over the roulette wheels by the end of the evening," says Duff Block, manufacturing manager of the division. "Our people had been in seminars for three days and this was exactly the kind of semi-participatory diversion they needed to round out the conference."

Block attributes the successful opening to the expertise of an acting troupe called Wild West Productions, the largest group in Canada now staging such shows. The company consists of 50 actors and actresses who, in real life, actually are ranchers, farmers and rodeo performers. Employing their talents to capitalize on the current cowboy trend was the brainchild of Wild West President Dennis Walsh, 31, a former ultra-urban adman.

For a minimum fee of \$1,000—which covers the cost of five cowboys for up to two hours of entertainment—the group will stage robberies, horse stunts, calf roping, barroom brawls and even a hanging. Walsh and his company are keen on authenticity and use real weapons in their stagings (the bullets, though, are blank) and specially trained horses.

Walsh is banking big on the assumption that the western trend will continue for at least the next two decades. Wild West is in the process of branching out into feature films, TV, commercial, a start school and a costume planning company.

Riding high with plans to expand to other major Canadian cities, Walsh believes that the current craze is more than a fadness for cowboy trappings. "It's a deep interest in the old-fashioned values," he says. —TERRY POULSON

## COVER

## Return of the hawk

Israel has emerged more alienated from the international community than ever



By Marel McDonald

The best weighed in upon the countryside with the dawn. Testaments hung beneath an oppressive sun. Thousands packed their prams and coolers and fled to the beaches of Tel Aviv and Herzliya, not just for relief but to get a choice that, more than any other in the fragile thread of a turbulent 35-year-history, would stamp the future fabric of a nation woven from a distant dream. In the glass apartment-block skyscrapers of Jerusalem's Masada District quarter, breaking the law that staked out Jordanian territory only 14 years ago, an ancient citadel loomed in a polling booth so long that scrutineers panicked at the possibility of finding a heart case on their hands. But when he finally emerged, it was with pages of another kind. "It just isn't," he shrugged, arms flailing in helpless remorse.

If most of Israel's 2.8 million eligible voters didn't share that groggy dilemma, the disquieting outcome they woke up to in the small hours of a dawn election night last week was the same. At the end of the longest, bitterest and most particularly violent campaign in memory, a stunning 49-seat virtual standoff between Prime Minister Menachem Begin's governing Likud faction and Shimon Peres' resuscitated Labor opposition left the nation locked in a



Single (top left) after results were in soldiers' rolling of outpost, a peaceful instability

statewide which promises perilous instability for the uneasy land of Zion.

There seemed little doubt that President Yitzhak Rabin would call upon Begin this week to form a government based on the coalition that he since appears capable of constructing with the two major right-wing religious parties, whose dozen seats now hold the key to the 10th Knesset's balance of power. But even within the concrete fortress of Likud headquarters, the victory champagne remained warily bottled. Israel had stamped in what writer Amos Oz calls "a failed mood," more alienated from the international community than at any time since its embattled creation in 1948 and more rent by dissension within.

The April five-month campaign tore away the cherished veil of a seamless, idealized national mosaic to reveal the wounds of a deepening ethnic and political rift which may be as disquieting as it is inevitable in a valley of swindled windows, slaked thirst and ethnic wars, the Promised Land was shown to harbor the very furies of evil from which its founding fathers saw fit—a fabled garden that Israeli analysts warn is not likely to go away. If the rift continues it could change the very character of Israel itself, ultimately cutting it off from the West.

In the days since the election, Begin has dangled a yarmulke (Jewish cap) to shuttle briefly between the leaders of the National Religious Party (NRP), who are ardently in favor of a continued Israeli grip on the West Bank and its settlements, and the ultra-orthodox Agudat Israel, who revere their values in political reality only through their stranglehold on the rabbinical courts and some aspects of Israeli life still jealously guarded by the synagogues, marriage, divorce, the number of businesses and buses allowed to operate on the Sabbath and the definition of who qualifies as a Jew at all. To many already irked by both parties' intransigence, the bitterest irony is that, although their total numbers in the Knesset have been drastically reduced, they are in a position to wield an even more potent veto which will leave Likud supporter

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Peres campaigning 'locked in a stalemate which promotes instability'

gradually calls "a Machabai government." The price given them Control of the Sages is expected to exact may mean even greater Sabotage, less non-toxic foods, fewer shortages and a blow at any Jews converted by reform rabbis around the world who have the temerity to try to qualify as Israeli citizens under the Law of Return. Rages Shalom, the foremost lawyer who was a seat for her Citizen Rights Movement: "This is a terrible case. In many cases, Israel is already second after Iran in religious coercion."

To push his forces past a precarious

majority of 61 in the 120-seat Knesset, Begin will also need the backing of the extreme-right Tzohar (Zionist) Party, which adamantly opposes the Camp David agreements to signed and would reject anything more than striking the remainder of the Egyptian peace talks.

Some analysts believe that such a weak coalition may turn out to be more disunited than a broad one. Certainly the frustrated Labor Party, whose 17-seat gain was undercut by its isolation from assembly coalition partners, may not rush to fall back to Israel's current economic chaos. With hyper-inflation at a world record of 130 per cent, a staggering foreign debt of \$25 billion (expected to grow by another \$4 billion this year) and a reduced budget that scarcely runs up the entire gross national product, Begin, who is celebrated for his lack of interest in economics, called in a top-up solution to his election campaign problems a progressive new free-spending finance minister, his ally, who threw all the pins in the air and depressed crowd-pulling electioneering. Now, as Jerusalem Post economics editor Meni Mervin says it, "The price will have to be paid for each blatant bribery and election." He quotes a closed-door Treasury production of 300-per-cent inflation within months. At such a rate, Israel's intricate wage and tax indexing system, which until now has cushioned everyday life from the nightmare statistics, may well crumble. Shaking in his most serious moments, Mervin says: "In a situation which Germany reached in 1933, when people were



Great Shevot party headquarters destroyed by arson. Tens of thousands of people were present

paid twice a day and gave time off to go and buy groceries." Nor is Labor expected to preside over the potentially volatile final hand-over of the Sinai to Egypt next April, when the determined settlement pioneers of Yisrael may have to be evicted by the army. "There will be a lot of uprisings, there may even be blood," warns Shmuel Ben-Haim, foreign editor of the independent daily *Makara*. "The Sinai

agreement could be endangered at a time when the availability of an Israeli signature is crucial. Who else would ever sign a peace treaty with us?"

The prospect of an unstable Israel constantly haunted by internal upheaval at the heart of the Middle East's already smouldering tinderbox has not governments around the world on edge. All week tensions have ebbed through the diplomatic community at the prospect of four more years trying to fashion Manasseh Wodrich Begin, the unpredictable 68-year-old super-bank who has dedicated his life to securing the Jewish nation a place in the sun but who may have done more than any other to divide Jews both in and out of Israel and push his country toward isolation.

Despite his controversial settlement policy (see box) and his apparent scorn for world opinion, including that of the Americans on whom he depends for \$3.4 billion a year in economic and military handouts, some supporters suggest that Begin's—and Israel's—current problem is merely one of public relations. The foreign ministry is even now preparing a voluminous and carefully worded explanation in English of the Iraqi nuclear strike. But it is hard to find an adequate acknowledgement of a leader who launches striking personal adjectives at each suspected target (a recent target was German Chancellor Helmut



Onlooker reactor before mid-1980s: a PV problem

Schmidt, who does not shrink from making blazing electoral fortunes by diverting attention to locally shopped-up international crises and erode-the-wagon national fortresses. Even a top-ranking Israeli civil servant will confess, once a journalist's safe pad is safely put aside: "It's true, we're not doing the language he uses. It's unnecessary. When it comes to talk about the West Bank, it could be a real problem," says Shlomo Avineri, a po-

litical science professor at Hebrew University. "The difference is between an Israel that gets grudging support from the U.S. because it has no choice and an Israel which is the world's darling. Begin's rhetoric undermines that primordial cultural support we need."

For many, the resurrection of Begin phantoms like from the political ashes of an accident upon which political pundits had sure demise, is as much of a shock as anything he might utter. Depressed, withdrawn even, he seemed convinced of his own defeat. He talked



Begin with the WPP's Burg: in favor of a continued Israeli grip



## Rifles amid the obstinate olives

John and Mary once walked the hard Sinai road winding through the sun-baked Jordan hills that stretch beyond Belkheim toward the Dead Sea. At first glance, little seems to have changed in the intervening two millennia, least of all the warring, obstinate olives fighting their way out of the terraced rock. But around a sudden bend, an Israeli soldier breathing as a soldier in the stands guard. A massive iron gate and barbed wire fence mark the entrance to Taka—one of 85 controversial settlements built in the occupied West Bank of the Jordan River in land seized in the 1967 war in violation of a 1948 Geneva Convention forbidding an occupying power to "transfer parts of its civilian population into the territory it occupies."

That stubborn policy, never then any other, has alienated world opinion and divided Israelis. It now threatens the second stage of the Egyptian peace talks. To the 300,000 native Palestinian Arabs, the settlements are a provocation—as one put it, "a dark spot on the heart of a homeland they have tilted for generations." But to Menachem Begin, the champion and legislator of the



Brer, wife David, daughter Gail, in their living room as returning it.

20,000 fervent Israeli settlers, they represent claims stakes to permanent possession of what he calls Judea and Samaria—the heartland of Eretz Israel that biblical country is where *Manasseh* God's chosen people, 4,000 years ago. At rally after rally in the weeks preceding his cliff-hanger victory, he invoked that ancient historical right as

if it were yesterday's mortgage: "We will never," he said the day before, "ever leave Judea and Samaria."

To understand that determination is to understand 33 of 43 families have fled the black phantasms of Taka—villages used in winter, packed in inhospitable sun-drenched in summer—settled in a cluster of craggy hills that rise from the Jordan River and sharing a single phone. Though they have carved out gravel paths bordered with lavender and sweet william and a tiny commercial square plot, most are young or ex-military professionals of the far-right Gush Eilatim (group of the faithful) who conspire to Jerusalem daily as doctors and engineers while serving as Zion's latter-day pioneers. Says Bobbi Horan, Taka's 39-year-old manager-in-charge who until three years ago was a computer programmer at New York's Metropolitan Life: "This land we had a historical right to fell into our hands because of Arab aggression and there's no returning it."

Government spokesmen have taken to pointing out the persuasive security reasons for keeping the settlements. But for Brown the real justification is the reclamation of history. He points out: "It was in Taka that the prophet Amos was born. King David had a wife from Taka, Abisheba, was here and the Hasmonean oil that lasted eight days

came from those olive trees. This was the heart of Israel."

It may seem a most argument to an outsider, but according to Hebrew University political science Professor Shlomo Avineri, "the real gap in Israeli politics is not between the doves and the hawks, but between those who are security-oriented and those who are history-oriented. Begin grew up the son, which David Ben-Gurion or Golda Meir would never have done, because it had no historical significance. But it's why he will never give back the West Bank."

That theory is little consolation to approximately 34 per cent of Israelis. They feel that by defying the rebellious hostility of the West Bank's scattered Arabs, who threaten to outnumber the entire Jewish population of Israel by the end of the century, they risk turning Israel into a kind of Jewish South Africa. "These people hate us," says Meni Mervin of the Jerusalem Post. "And that brutalization will eventually come home. The days when one nation can lead it are another nation's own. History is against it, just as it was in Rhodesia." It is Ben for Brown the real justification is the reclamation of history. He points out: "It was in Taka that the prophet Amos was born. King David had a wife from Taka, Abisheba, was here and the Hasmonean oil that lasted eight days



appraisals arrived in the 1850s with few skills and meager schooling and often found they had irated second-class citizenship in Moslem societies for the same status among their fellow Jews. They sublimated their resentment in the desperate daily struggle and apologetically seeing themselves as the one to reach out, what financier Naum Goss, president of the World Sephardic confederation, said "Jewish anti-Semitism."

Now anger has blossomed among a second generation which, comforted by a mushrooming birth rate that puts it

**Egypt's Anwar Sadat, a co-president Jimmy**

A black and white photograph showing Anwar Sadat on the left, wearing a dark suit and a white turban, and Jimmy Carter on the right, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. They are both smiling and appear to be in a formal setting, possibly during a press conference or a public event. The background is slightly blurred, showing other people and what might be a stage or a podium.

Some Lincoln breathed an audible sigh of relief at their poor electoral showing. Still relief may be premature. For the moment most Republicans seem to be in a state of shock at their own unrelenting defeatism. In Berlin who, despite his Auklandian origins, has forged an outcast world view and vocabulary like their own, after years spent on the fringes of Jewish society, and shares almost as unpalatable a hatred of the "Yids" as the English. In 1936, the modern Londoner, the English Jew, the modern Londoner has larger means, like some stationers superbly, with his Coke-bottle glasses, assuring that he will never give in to the unmanly enemy lurking everywhere, is to see a politician who has looked into his perfect mirror, and has seen in it the perfect evil emotion, and trailer labels to the East pages of diplomacy.

The demographic handwriting on the wall, which predicts an overwhelming Sephardic majority by the end of this century, only promises to speed up that drift. It is not helped by the fact that in the past 50 years immigration—the ideological cornerstone and raison d'être of a Jewish homeland—has dragged markedly, while the dread talon of Yersida ("going down" by less

The problem is that idea may be in the process of radical redefinition. The original dream of a utopian socialist refuge now confronts the facts of capitalism, which are having problems attracting new members and are faced to meet cheap labor. Their standards are being lowered and they are being treated into three capitalist-style factories. The younger generation believes it has created the wanted classless ideal has splintered into three social layers, with the equipped Arabs in the occupied West Bank on the lowest, and that in itself has plunged many of these into poverty. There are actual self-proclaimed "Yuppies" and "Boomers" in the area. The writer "Young people are now, like being someone has created us."

Part of the answer will come from the national consensus on how the refugee West Bank Arabs are eventually dealt with, part from the ultra-nationalist stance on which Israel appears to be set. But part, too, will depend upon Rabin, the aging and ailing former figure who now reflects Zionism's changing face but who has prepared no political heir. "Israel is at a crossroads," says Ahmad Ben-Haim. "The shadow of the holocaust makes our persons, gives us depth and substance. But we're at a turning point between believing that the West Bank Arabs are a threat to our future and seeing them as a threat to our future. We're destroyed and waking people with them. The question is how will we function with peace—without real enemies?"

At an elegant Sabbath lunch on a flowered terrace, a thoughtful Tel Aviv lawyer, the mother of two daughters who share her beauty, raises the question that inevitably arises with the office in a country where the population is smaller than two Toronto and a mere 19 km lies between Tel Aviv airport and the displaced occupied border: "And so," she says to a stranger, "what do you think? Will we survive?" The answer does not seem to reassure. It never does, perhaps because it is hoped not so much for a "yes" as for a "no," and it is left hanging on a hot summer wind which always over the stout proudly nabbed scepter.

## Bargaining backed by guerrilla bullets

Map of Southeast Asia showing the location of Cambodia and its neighbors: Thailand, Laos, and Vietnam. The Gulf of Thailand is to the south. Key locations marked include Angkor Wat, Phnom Penh, and the border with Vietnam.

**K**ompaeng: The Khmer Rouge army, perhaps 50,000-strong after the latest repatriations from Thailand's refugee camps, has dramatically expanded its activities. Even Angkor Wat, the temple complex that is the national symbol for all sides, is under siege, and an East European diplomat, a would-be visitor, had to turn back recently because of the fighting. Reflecting the Maoist-style repatriations in progress, Chinese Vao, the aging former Chinese defence minister who today is vice-president of

<sup>a</sup>ASEAN members are Indonesia, Malaysia, Philippines, Singapore, Thailand.



Savannh, Prince Mangkhai Savanvongkham. Presumably a message Hanoi can't ignore

the Khmer Rouge, however. "We distrust the Khmer Rouge. But our friends in China, the U.S. and Thailand tell us we must unite. We will try, but only if they give us enough weapons to keep on from being swallowed up." To promote unity, something of a trade-off apparently has been worked out. The Chinese delivered a shipment of arms to San Sae's forces with great fanfare in the spring. At about the same time the U.S., which has been most sympathetic to San Sae, announced officially that it favored the alliance of all resistance forces.

Shantou, still popular but losing its muscle, has returned to the village at Nongke in the south of Phnom Penh, there to continue co-organ-offensive negotiations with both San Sae and Khieu Samphan. "Every one would like to have unity without the Khmer Rouge," he admitted recently. "But without them there is no army to fight the Vietnamese and there will be no support from the Chinese."

With their entrenched military advantage, the Khmer Rouge have been the ones to talk most enthusiastically about unity. Says Oa Sakon, a Pann representative of the Democratic Kampuchea government: "There is no difference that cannot be resolved. We are flexible about the leadership of the front and the composition of the government."

Last June 50,000 Vietnamese troops have turned Laos into "a virtual province of North Vietnam," says Prince Mangkhai Savanvongkham, who now lives in Pann. "My father [the former neutralist premier, who is supposed to be special adviser to the government], has no power. My uncle, Prince Souphavong [the nominal head of the ruling Pathet Lao and president of the assembly], also has no power. When a resistance movement is organized, many of the Pathet Lao will go to join it."

Speakers for the Lao People's National United Liberation Front may resume in shortly taking place several thousand guerrillas are active in the south, including former defense minister Phomm Nuanan. They are apparently being supplied with Chinese arms via the Khmer Rouge in the north, a front source says, there is "a direct flow of Chinese arms" via ethnic minorities who live on both sides of the Sino-Lao border in the mountains. Hmong tribesmen, first mentioned by the CIA, continue to hold considerable sway.

However, "to Chin and the other part is change in Hanoi understood only the force of arms. It will do no good to negotiate with them," says Truong Nhu Tang, 58, the highest-ranking Vietnamese revolutionary to defect to the West. Truong served as justice minister in southern Vietnam's Communist provisional revolutionaries government until 1975. In Paris he has established a Committee for National Salvation, and within a year expects a resistance organization to be implanted in Vietnam. Subsequent guerrilla activity is already under way, but limited primarily to religious sects in the south exploited by the U.S. in the Vietnam war, such as the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao, and tribal minorities in the central highlands grouped into the FLUAD (the United Front for the Liberation of Oppressed Races). Says a refugee newly arrived from near the town of Da Lat: "The government tries to pretend the FLUAD doesn't exist. But no Vietnamese effort will drive through the central highlands at night." Truong is counting heavily on promises of Chinese support, made by Premier Zhou Enlai when the two met in Peking last year. He is also co-opting deals with all three Khmer resistance factions and plans to use Khmer Rouge bases in northeast Kampuchea.

Despite the proliferation of opposition forces, Vietnam, with its huge army and advanced Soviet economic and military support, is not about to lose its grip on Indochina. But with its policies creating ever more enemies in the region, with China actively aiding virtually all groups who choose to fight and with the U.S. again strongly committed, Hanoi may become increasingly involved in what may prove to be its own Vietnam.

## Iran

### Explosive act of desperation

"Shahism is the religion of blood and the sword will be with it to the end," declared the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, steered into desert anger by the death of 79 top soldiers last week's Tehran bomb explosion. "This will send all who believe in the superpowers and the outside, to hell." Hours later, thousands of his followers filed through the streets to the cemetery reserved for martyrs of the revolution, their mourning chants given added force by the Suazis' conviction that the death toll equaled that of the most extreme event in Shi'ite theology, the martyrdom of the Imam Hussein and his companions in the seventh century. It was left to government spokesmen behind Najafi to provide a realistic assessment of the damage to Iran's ruling fundamentalists. "For us," he said, "the loss of these people is a catastrophe."

Bombard IRP headquarters: defeat



The more than 90 politicians who were gathered in the headquarters of the Islamic Republic Party (IRP) constituted a major part of the fundamentalist leadership. They had been there more weeks. Only a week before, the campaign masterminded by the top politician killed in the blast, Ayatollah Mohammad Beheshti, had achieved the dismissal of President Abolhasan Banisadr and the arrest of many of his aides. But in a few brief seconds the government was significantly weakened, despite the fact that positions left by the dead men were quickly filled.

The instinctive reaction of the authorities was to blame the United States, with Iraq and Israel thrown into the conspiracy for good measure. (An obscure group of exiles in Turkey headed by a former Iranian general claimed responsibility, but most observers were skeptical: scores of exiled Iranian opposition groups around the world would have surely joined the prestige of such a spectacular blow.) But by

Last photo taken of Beheshti before he died: portrait of power and repression



midweek, the authorities in Tehran had a new theory: that the bombing was the work of an internal opposition group—the radical Islamic Mojaheddin-Khalq, the Marxist Polya-m-Khalq or the shadow Feghni group of antiestablishment Muslim extremists. If there was doubt over who was responsible, however, the aftermath was all too predictable—yet more arrests and executions. In one particularly large haul, 50 Mojaheddin guerrillas were arrested on charges of plotting to destroy the majlis (parliament).

Since the impeachment of Banisadr removed the last obstacle to absolute power, the fundamentalists have been expounding of apoplexy they choose. In addition to the Mojaheddin and followers of Banisadr, writers, leftists and members of the (apollitical) Bahai faith have gone before the firing squads. In short, the IRP has fastened the judiciary into an instrument of political repression. They have also demonstrated the electoral process—only one in six eligible voters bothered to go to the polls in elections on June 26—by deploying gangs of unemployed youths known as Hezbolahi ("members of the party of God") to break up opposition gatherings.

Former Minister Mohammad Ali Raza, who narrowly escaped the blast, claimed afterward that the wheels of the revolution would not be slowed by such acts since the regime was supported by all 37 million Iranians. The act is, however, that the IRP's regime has lost and the apparent reality of the clerical authorities to deal with unemployment, inflation and shortages have alienated many ordinary Iranians.

Victims of the blast attend parliament: opponents are becoming more militant



In this climate, the IRP's single-minded pursuit of power and repression of its opponents are primarily aimed at establishing an unassailable position before the departure of the patronage of the high and mighty Khomeini. But committed opponents of the regime, particularly the Mojaheddin and Polya, are becoming more militant. Demonstrations continue in areas where the Hezbolahi and the Mojaheddin are in charge, have less control. And while the armed forces are fully occupied in the prolonged stalemate of the war with Iraq, they are unlikely to remain outside politics adequately if law and order continue to deteriorate. Iran's fundamentalist leaders must realize that it is difficult to keep a firm grip on the government.

—JOHN ROYCE

## Britain

### The sex in the play's the thing

It was clearly not a play to appeal to Aunt Edna, the mythical middle-class housewife. When the late actress Tessie Rattigan believed ruled the British box-office. But if Britain's state-subsidized National Theatre can afford to be more adventurous than the superstitious of Shaftesbury Avenue, it was still taking a calculated gamble that when it opened in December, *The Brower in Venice* for a repertory season.

The play, a fiercely anti-colonial work drawing open parallels between the Roman occupation and the presence of British troops in Ulster, was expected to draw political blood. But a key scene featured an explicit portrayal of homosexual rape, and it was this that last week resulted in the play's director, Michael Bogdanov, being committed for trial at London's Old Bailey next. The case, due in the fall, promises to be the most colorful encounter between the law and the arts since Penguin Books successfully pulled on Britain's literary establishment to defend D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* against a charge of obscenity in 1961.

Bogdanov, 42, will be tried on a charge of procuring an act of gross indecency between the two actors, Greg Hines and Peter Spence, who play a brutal Roman soldier and the naked dwarf he sexually tortures. Bogdanov's act was to have been presented under the action of the Sexual Offences Act under which the charge was brought had he been a woman, or had the rape involved a woman. But at it is he could be jailed for two years.

The prosecution claims an another



delicious distinction for former school teacher Mary Whitehouse, 71, the relentless self-appointed scourge of Britain's permissive society. In the 16 years since she founded her National Viewers' and Listeners' Association with the aim of purifying the airwaves, the famously insouciant Whitehouse has advanced from the status of a national joke to something like a national institution and even managed to invoke an ancient blasphemy law against the editor of *Gay News*, who received a jail sentence for publishing a poem about Christ and the thoughts of a homosexual soldier, again a Roman.

Whitehouse did not only for her own sanctimony by musing *The Romans In Britain*, assuming that implacable task to her solicitor, Graham Ross-Coxon, who claimed in the preliminary court proceedings that the 36-second scene would have been an offence if performed in the street and "I see no difference if it takes place on the stage of the National Theatre." Lord Hutchinson, for the defence, warned of the dangers of attempted censorship. But the magistrate, Kenneth Blomington, ruled there was a gross face rape. It was, he admitted, a difficult and illogical situation, but while it might be argued that Rodgers would have had no case to answer had he been a woman, "I must interpret the law as it stands."

—CAROL KINSEY



Rodgers (left), Whitehouse, and scene from play: *homosexual rape portrayed*



U.S.A.



Reagan embracing Mr. and Mrs. Bush. Tradition in Dallas, like a month over breakfast

## But still not the Invincible Man

Reagan has the opposition and the allies reeling

By Michael Posner

There is a new disease in Washington, and the incidence is on the rise. Its victims exhibit a range of symptoms: wild catnaps, a slightly skewed expression around the eyes and a mouth that gapes open in wonder. Patients may typically be found sitting drowsily along the Mall, these are said to be, and seem to be, produced simply by reviewing the last six-month record of the Reagan administration. Medical investigators speculate that the transiently disoriented acute adaptive Reaganitis is caused by the body's inability to accept rapid change. Certain social groups may be predisposed, including liberals, Democrats, blacks, labor unions, environmentalists and the poor. There is, at present, no known cure.

Meantime lived to the age of 25 and wrote 1,000 words of verse. Ronald Reagan, at 70, is off to a late start. But he is looking at an impressive clip. In only six months in office, he has utterly transformed the character and mood of Washington. His people—God-fearing, Communist-leaking, free enterprise Republicans—now and the Senate. He has forged a conservative alliance with conservative Democrats to control the House. The first of as many as six Supreme Court appointments is now his to make, and no one doubts Reagan will fill Potter Stewart's vacancy, and those that follow, with like-minded conserva-



First address to Congress after shooting: leaving these citizens

tives fearful of the intransigent role of big governments. With meagre and manœuvre, the president has won passage of what is surely the most controversial budget in generations, curbing or cancelling dozens of federal programs. Reagan's budget philosophy is a fundamental part of his ethic: it is not government's role to promote social change. It is government's role to get out of the way and let change occur, if at all, from the natural inertia of events.

It is not true that the nation has suddenly witnessed an exodus of those who challenge his assumptions. They can

still be sighted occasionally, waging from the distant distance of college politics, careful to note that Reagan delivers a chance to make his program work—or not. Thus logical approach recognizes that, for now, Democrats (a) have nothing better to propose, and (b) have more to lose than to gain by obstructing a popular president. But with the opposition neutralized, the White House has been moving on other fronts: the Clean Air Act, consumer product safety standards, anti-trust measures, environmental protection, occupational health laws—whatever is perceived as standing between a corporatist investment and its greater profit will soon face a surgical disfiguring of its regulatory bite.

Reagan's foreign policy performance has been less consistent, and certainly less effective. The prime case is hard to locate. It may be the profound distrust with which his senior advisers, if not the president himself, continue to view their own secretary of state, Alexander Haig. It may be the dismay that characterizes Richard Allen's National Security Council operations. It may be Reagan's own lack of interest in the substance of foreign policy. Whatever its origin, observers sense a disturbing vacuum at the centre of Reagan diplomacy. Sometimes it is filled by Haig or by Allen, sometimes by Vice-President



Bush with Mexico: a spectacle that hurt the administration's credibility

George Bush, sometimes by Pentagon chief Casper Weinberger and sometimes by the latest presidential troubadour—Ed Meese, Ben Ruker and Michael Denver—whose expertise in foreign affairs is, to be polite, recently acquired.

"Sometimes it seems as if our right hand doesn't know what our left hand is doing," Reagan once joked. Indeed, there have been some embarrassing reverses. The planned sale of advanced radar planes to Saudi Arabia, 33 Salvador, the revolution of America's nuclear presence in Japanese seas, the on-again-off-again embargo of F-16 jet deliveries to Israel, the spat of George Bush in Manila, last week, insisting the *desecration* spirit of Ferdinand Marcos—all of these have hurt the administration's credibility.

Taking a hard line with Soviet expansion

is a useful domestic strategy, but the allies do not seem terribly impressed. There is tension between Washington and Tokyo (over defence spending), Washington and Ottawa (over energy resources), Washington and Europe (interest rates), Washington and the Middle East (arms sales).

The damage has so far been minimal. The White House, Reagan has managed Reagan well, limiting his exposure to the press, adding frequent rest stops to his schedule, making the most of his script-reading ability and his personal charm. However, one should avoid the temptation to conclude that Reagan is politically invincible. It is sobering to remember that after approximately the same number of months, the world thought equally well of Jimmy Carter.

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# Stamping out the mails

*CUPW vs. a hard-liner, for mastery of a strike-prone post office*



By Lea Whittington

One day after 20,000 postal workers struck last week, Postmaster-General Andre Ouellet was drawing through a statement on flag-bedecked Parliament Hill, introducing a birthday stamp in a crowd of 10,000 Doonycree Day revelers. "On behalf of Canada Post," he said, and then passed as a wave of chuckles spread through the crowd. "On behalf of our employees, at work, celebrating...striking," Ouellet added, and the audience roared. But not much else was funny about the standoff between the federal Treasury Board and the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW), a dispute that by week's end showed signs it might outlast even the 48-day stoppage in 1972, to date the longest disruption of Canada's strike-prone mail service.

Ouellet, who personally intervened last year to help negotiate the first strike-free settlement with CUPW since 1972, this time found himself barred by

Ottawa strike being avoided, Parrot being quoted: how long?



Donald Johnston, president of Treasury Board. As head of the agency authorized to bargain with all public servants, Johnston, a 45-year-old lawyer, appeared on the hard-liner who cracked down on the public service unions. "We've had a commitment not to lead the private sector, and we've tried to be faithful to that."

The strike began at midnight on June 29, and by last Friday the two opposing sides had not even approached the bargaining table. Johnston calmly contemplated a possible summer without mail. "The House is going to rise soon, and I haven't heard anybody suggest we'll be coming back," he remarked. "There won't be any back-to-work legislation before rise." Initially, at least, Johnston was support in the federal cabinet for his stand, but that

may fade as Liberal MPs realize how little room the government has left to maneuver.

By tying his demands to the recommendations of conciliation board Chairman Pierre Jamin, CUPW President Jean-Claude Parrot has been able to cast some of the blame for the strike back onto the government. On wages, both sides are not far apart as Jamin's recommendation of a 10-cent-a-hour increase plus cost-of-living allowances. But Johnston has rejected other key recommendations by Jamin, including those on paid vacation, a 12th paid statutory holiday and changes in the formula for calculating premium pay

for nights and weekends. Johnston last week softened his objection to the recommendation for paid maternity leave.

These added benefits would together add only 1.8 per cent to CUPW's 1980 payroll cost. By rejecting the Jamin package, the government is "making a mockery out of the conciliation board report," asserted Parrot. The union has demanded that Treasury Board negotiators accept the Jamin report as the basis of a settlement before come will return to the bargaining table. Johnston considers this an unacceptable ultimatum. "That's just an open-ended take-it-or-leave-it," he declared.

On Friday afternoon, Parrot, who appeared at a press conference wearing a button saying THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES, seemed to take down CUPW's position. The union leader, who went to jail for defying a parliamentary back-



## Requiem for a heavyweight

There were flowers and lowered flags, speeches and candlelight services across the country. As Terry Fox was buried in a small cemetery in Port Cupertown, N.C., last week, the tributes showed how much this one-legged runner and his Marathon of Hope had affected the country. Doug Alwood, who was with him all the way, suggested the simplest acknowledgment, sometimes, he said, Terry would run into a town and all the drivers would hold their greetings. "So if you want to say goodbye to Terry, tap on your horn at 8 pm." And so it was a choral goodbye, a trumpet voluntary to mark his requiem. ◇





## The NDP

### Recurrent echoes from the left

By Susan Riley

For most of his six years as leader of the federal New Democratic Party, Ed Broadbent has had a remarkably easy ride. It is one of the spin doctors of Canadian politics who set on foot his especially for him. Most of his closest advisers consider this fortunate, because if the only competitor Broadbent has an Achilles heel it is that he does not resist well to criticism. "He has a body language which con-

divisions within the party." In the end, they endorsed Broadbent, but only by a margin of 2 to 1, indicating that while the operation is over the wounds might not be entirely healed.

Party diplomats tried to head off a public bloodbath through hasty pre-convention meetings between Broadbent and Hinkley. They resulted in a compromise position which directed the party to disassociate itself from the Liberal position of the Supreme Court ruling against the Trudeau proposal later this summer, but offered little more than a halcyon dream in the mere likely event that the court supports Trudeau. Hinkley, who enjoys cordial relations with Broadbent, privately told Saskatchewan's large and fiery delegation in Vancouver that he didn't want to see a Joe Clark "secession" but left it to



Broadbent (above) before left, Jean Hanley with Hinkley (left): most of the convention with a noisy finale

premier his disagreement and can't hide it," says one ranking member of his own caucus. It is precisely this trait which added a new turn of events to the NDP's 20th annual convention in Vancouver last week. Broadbent's hasty and rather fulsome support of the major elements of Pierre Trudeau's constitutional proposal last October angered many of the party's western members, led to an open split with Saskatchewan Premier Allan Rockwell and linked individual members across the country who do not fancy being caught, temporarily, in the sleeping bag with the despised liberals. The convention was billed as a showdown, would party diplomats be able to express their heartfelt disapproval of Broadbent's stance—and the noise with which he adopted it—without evoking his cold fury and deepening further the



them to decide to support the compromise. They decided, naturally, not to. On Saturday morning, the rebels, led by Saskatchewan's ex-Lt. Gov. Norman, proposed a much tougher resolution of their own—one which would have sent the constitution back to the drawing board. Said Doug Anguish, another dissenting Saskatchewaner: "We want to send the leadership the strongest possible message of our disappro-



Broadbent's actual convention in Vancouver Anguish (left) without dissenting

among the Ontario Left Caucus and in Alberta, where provincial leader Grant Notley proclaimed "I for one don't accept Pierre Trudeau's vision of Canada."

Despite the less-than-overwhelming support that Broadbent received, the speakers who lined up to defend him were a testimony to the careful spade-work he has done as federal leader. Bob White, Canadian director of the influential United Automobile Workers, spoke for him, as did Rosemary Brown, the British Columbia MLA and feminist he narrowly defeated in 1975. Former NDP leader Tommy Douglas—already well on his way to sainthood—spoke for the leader, and former Walla stationer James Lester was seen applauding enthusiastically in the wings.

The relatively large number of delegates that voted against the Broadbent position—the final count was 453 against, 268 in favor—shows that serious questions remain not only about the constitution but about the allegedly high-handed way the party's Ottawa bureaucracy handled it by deciding to support the Trudeau resolution the very night it was unveiled without consulting the party grassroots or even the federal caucus. The focus of much of the dissatisfaction is Robin Sears, the party's 30-year-old federal secretary, a consummate tactician, and a man who spent most of the convention with a wall-to-wall glued to his chin. Sears is rumored to be leaving the party position to work overseas for Senegal

International, the party's governing council will undoubtedly be looking for someone more sensitive to western concerns to replace him.

Saskatchewan suffered another setback earlier in the convention when a strong coalition of Ontario and British Columbia activists types forced through a resolution calling for a permanent bill to ensure mining—one of Saskatchewan's most vigorous industries. It was an attempt to show which divisions within the NDP (these days are geographical rather than ideological).

At the party's 1978 convention in Toronto, most of the post-mortem argument was directed to an unresolvable attempt by the party's Left Caucus—a collection of old-line socialists and Young Turks mostly from Ontario—to make public ownership the key test of economic management. This issue has become so defunct that John Rodriguez, former MP for Nickel Belt and a ranking member of the Left Caucus, was able to slip through a resolution calling for public ownership of natural resources without a peep of protest. However, the left lost its attempt on the floor of the convention to nationalize the chartered banks which were described by Left Caucus delegate David Torrance as "the mainstay of Canadian life." Bob Rae, the party's paragon of class effort, argued successfully that it is not necessary for government to own the banks in order to control them. Moments later, Rae walked through the ranks of his own, calling for a wholesale reform of the tax system to end "The revolt by the wealthy." Because Rae's motion was officially ended, Dale Raitt, a Left Caucus militant from Toronto, was infuriated. "How come Bob Rae can walk through anything he wants?" he demanded. "If that's democracy, you can stick it." But his protest was a feeble echo of the once-violet left-right squabbles that shook the party in the '60s. It wasn't only the left wing that applauded Broadbent's convention speech promise to nationalize all the country's oil companies—it was the entire hall.

In fact, that speech, delivered before Sears's sobering vote, made it clear that Broadbent intends to stick around as federal leader for the next election. And despite strong dissatisfaction with his constitutional stance, the NDP is obviously ready to give its leader another chance. "At no time was the leadership of the party called into question," said the editor who wrote the whole episode was heating or harmful for the party depends to some extent as how the this-sketch Broadbent reacts to his party's reprimand—with bitterness or with humility. ☐

## The unkindest Cousts of all

Scheming, opportunistic and merciless. Steve, attitudes and conspired. It depends what political stripe one wants to determine one's opinions of James Coultas, 43, backroom boy par excellence. No political deal ensured his omnipotence in the six years he served as Pierre Trudeau's chief operative. Now the only principal secretary is striving not on his own, seeking elected office in a manner typically Canadian. Having last week maneuvered Peter Stollery, the unimpaired member for Toronto's Spadina riding, into the Senate (and an annual basic package of \$39,000, indexed, to age 70), Coultas is almost loose free to winning one of the safest Liberal seats outside Quebec in an Aug. 17 by-election. The short campaign (five days over the legal minimum of three) means opponents have scarce time to organize, and the summer doldrums guarantee that slim public attention will be paid to his election to Parliament and, in all likelihood, a senior cabinet post.

"In this game you have to be a bit of a sneak," Coultas is remembered as having declared when he was Liberal leader and prime minister of the University of Alberta most parliament in 1980. He was that philosophy like a badge he wore to the pinnacle of bureaucratic power in an oddball world where his busy face and soft voice camouflaged



Coultas and Stollery: a trade-dignity's production for the large arteries

a knife-fighter's predilection for the large arteries. In 1977 his name became synonymous with Liberal cynicism as he backed Jack Horner out of the Tory benches (and Joe Clark's hair) with blunders of misadventure. Horner was just one veteran. Vary to like the apple proffered by the cherub Coultas, among others, Jack Marshall and Bob Nair both grabbed Senate seats and opened the way for future Liberal victories in their ridings. Reflecting on the shrewdness of his move last week the once-defeated Horner trusted Coultas the final backroom trusted in the business. "He seems to be able to keep seven eggs in the air at the same time—or seven people as the string at the same time."

A parish is his own party after Trudeau's 1979 defeat. Coultas reconstituted his power with devoted team-mending at the grassroots and quick conversion to the party's leftish tilt on energy, industrial strategy and pension reform. Among leaders he wooed undying loyalty for mastering a despondent team and leader through the darkest hours. As the Tories lurched to self-destruction, it was Coultas and Allan Rock who strengthened the weakening resolve of Ocasio and western members, who then helped Clark down in a re-election vote.

Coultas is taking the same route. Marc Lalonde first tried from the Prime Minister's Office to the cabinet. But there is a major difference. While Lalonde has



Move: the ability to keep seven eggs in the air at the same time

never inspired to the leadership, and may not have the patience for it, Coultas could conceivably take a solid crack at it. With a seat in Toronto, roots in the West, some fluency in French and a business degree from Harvard, Coultas might be considered the ideal candidate

"I'm in Niagam, Alta., Coultas at 42, serving two full decades in the federal campaign of 1980 in the Montreal riding but hoped only 5,120 votes to the PC's 8,900 and the Liberal 4,070.



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## The private ear of private eyes

There they were, 177 eyes in blue suits—and not a misplaced rufous tint among them to indicate that this was a gathering of private eyes and security experts and not a conference of investment counsellors. If the air of respectability was almost stifling in Vancouver last week, Hal Lipset has to take some of the responsibility—or blame. With the blue "uniform," crown of curly greying hair, gold-rimmed glasses and Grenadian cigars he could have been an older statesman. In any field. In San Francisco they call him "the private eye" and hostesses of exclusive dinner parties are happy to have at a table a man who has conducted 12,000 debagging operations since 1965.

Now 60, he is lionized by his peers for changing the image—and the work—of the private eye. Bernard Mayer, a Fan-



Lipset: changing the image with a dog played in a martial olive

near member of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad and now a private investigator himself in Vancouver, acknowledges Lipset's influence. Simply put, it has been to make private investigations the

most seen way, equal partners with the lawyers with whom they work. A generation of private eyes has grown up with Lipset as a role model. This, after all, is the man whom director Francis Coppola acknowledged in *The Conversation*, a film on electronic bugging. "Hal Lipset," one character says. "He's the guy who told Chrysler that Cadillac was getting rid of its line." In 1965 he was named in a U.S. Senate committee investigating electronic surveillance by showing how a bug could be inserted in a martial olive stuck on a toothpick.

That was a gimmick, he admits now. "It had to be in an empty glass. It wouldn't work if the glass was filled with gin." He was back in the public eye a few years later when he was asked to organize the investigation into the series of crimes that became known as Watergate. "It broke down into the essentials of the crime and the cover-up, and like 99 per cent of crimes solved, it was solved through informants," he said. "People like John Dean talked."

Lipset has been in the business for 35

years, withdrawn from a national plan to become a lawyer, the days of staking out hotels to gather evidence in discrete cases far behind him. Now he works largely on complicated civil and criminal cases from an office with five other private investigators in what should be the autumn of his career, he feels himself reflecting more on the past, wondering if his life has been well spent. "I was at a retirement dinner recently for one of the top narcotics agents in the U.S.," he says. "There were law enforcement people from all over the country there to see him off and he showed the hell out of them by standing up and saying 'In that all there is to life.' Putting people in jail!" Lipset usually works the other side of the street, trying to keep his clients out of jail, but he knows the feeling. But then he looked at his cigar, chewed into pulp, and broke the suspense. "I still get the biggest thrill out of hearing a jury say 'not guilty' to a guy whose defense I've worked on. It's not over yet for me. I'll never retire."

—MALCOLM GRAY

date—had he not the burden of his own reputation as a master manipulator. However, with no other candidate yet shown, such burden may not be enough to sink a man with complex doubts clouding throughout the party from members he has served with soft words to a minister or a member at the patronage trough. Ross Trudeau laid down an uncharacteristically heavy hint that there could be more to Coetz's ambitions than serving the Italian and Portuguese immigrants of the heavily ethnic Spadina riding. "It's well known that I'm planning to leave public life and I'm hastening to put a good man like Jim Coetz into Parliament," the prime minister declared.

Early in the game Coetz is showing his sensitivity for the smoke and mirrors of elected office. Stung last year by an unflattering *Saturday Night* cover photograph that gave his round features a pensive cast, Coetz would never again sit still for uncontrolled portraiture. So on the moxy Thursday night when his announcement for candidature at Toronto's International Chinese Restaurant there were, among the handouts, large, glossy, color photographs of the distinctive political ward—in a pose befitting a man who would be long.

With photo from Carol Browne.

## British Columbia

### A pork barrel by any other name

When Hugh Coetz stood up in the British Columbia legislature 2½ years ago, he didn't know that his odd complaint would return to embarrass the government. Coetz, who was then provincial secretary, said that Social Credit commissioners had received more than their fair share of grants from lottery profits because the Opposition New Democrats were deliberately withholding applications from their ridings. Thus, they could claim, "See, they are giving us nothing," Coetz said.

In Vancouver, members of the Downtown Residents' Association (DORA), a tenancy organization from a part of the city others call skid row, were listening to all this. One month later, in February, 1979, they asked for a \$100,000 grant to pay for the salaries of three community workers. Nothing happened for four months, then the application was rejected. DORA, which has the reputation in some right-wing circles as a barbed of socialism (especially since its former president, Bruce Rids-



Alexander Erikson (right) with two residents of Vancouver's Eastside



Ombudsman Fredman: No exceptions to an unpublicized guideline

sen, won election to city council last year), promptly replied: political discrimination. When the government started talking about mystifying guidelines that the group hadn't met, DORA took its complaint to B.C.'s newly appointed ombudsman. DORA still hasn't received any money from the province's lottery profits, but it has the satisfaction of knowing that Karl Fredman agrees with some of its complaints.

The handling of lottery profits is the latest in a list of confrontations between the government and its ombudsman, and Fredman tried to be diplomatic while noting that the provincial secretary and two senior officials had

handed out \$50 million since 1976. "When I was a political activist, I talked about pork barrels," he said. "Now that I'm an ombudsman, I talk about 'standards of administrative fairness.'" Delicately phrased, the government's criteria for awarding grants were poorly defined, poorly publicized and inconsistently applied, Fredman said.

Erikson, who has taken his chair-making and a campaign to clean up skid row to his adviser's office, said the grant was a one-time thing. The government, performing its support for low-income tenants and tenants of left-leaning community groups, said its lottery profits weren't meant to be used for the salaries of workers engaged in ongoing projects. Not so, said Fredman, who turned up 10 exceptions to the unpublicized guideline. He suggested a lottery committee, instead of the minister and his two top officials, should hand out the money. "I consider it unacceptable," he wrote, "that the ministry retain an administrative structure which is such that the changes of laws and administrative acts can so easily be made." Too bad, said the cabinet, turning down his suggestion and forcing Fredman to appeal to the legislature. So far, nothing has happened.

In his report, the ombudsman drew attention to the wider range of groups eligible for lottery grants. Heartened by this, DORA wrote its application reconsidered, even though the system hadn't changed. "This isn't dead yet," said Erikson, dragging cynicism on yet another negative. —MALCOLM GREY

## BUSINESS

# A concrete proposal

Some take-overs are hostile, some are low-key first sight. Others, such as last week's action by General Portland Inc. (GPI) of Dulles, Va., second-largest cement manufacturer in the U.S., took five days before they got started. GPI launched its defense against a \$250-million takeover bid by Canada's Cement Lafarge Ltd. (CLC) of Montreal, and industry analysts were left wondering why the bidding stopped. The courtship had begun so innocently in the spring: GPI had voluntarily supplied CLC—more than double its usual size of \$175 million—with confidential company information. In return, the U.S. company's management was assured of job security should the take-over occur. But as soon as CLC made its formal bid, GPI turned on its sister. First, it called the \$45-per-share offer twice back

is not Canadian. Its parent, Lafarge SA of France, owns 54 per cent of the shares. The Canadian management is led by John Redfern, 46, and only three of its directors are appointed directly by the French parent. CLC is Canada's No. 2 cement producer, trailing Cement Ltd. of Vancouver, also controlled by European investors. Together with St. Lawrence Cement—controlled by Holcim Ltd. of Switzerland—the three leading producers in Canada control nearly 90 per cent of the \$2.5-billion-a-year industry. If CLC is successful in its bid for Portland, it will become even less Canadian. To finance this deal, the French parent will buy up \$150 million in CLC common shares to be issued this fall, increasing its CLC stake to as much as 66 per cent. The parent company will then become not only the top cement

to modernize the company's outdated plants and wait out the slump in the construction industry. As for CLC's directors—including, well-known take-over veterans Tom Bell, longtime chairman of Alberta-Price Inc., Jerry Newman, chairman of H.B. Nickerson & Sons Ltd. of North Sydney, N.S., and Ronald Southern, president of Calgary's Atco Ltd.—they are playing the waiting game with characteristic secrecy. It is less than a direct intervention from the U.S. government or a wave of patriotic fervor from shareholders, the likelihood is that Canada Cement's offer will be accepted. But it looks as if court and suit will be bargaining all the way to the altar. —DAVID CHATFIELD

## Many storms in a port

It's turning into the end war all over again. In less than three years, the northeastern corner of British Columbia will be opened up by a \$2.3-billion project designed to ship coal to Japan. Now, two of the key players in the huge scheme are saying that if they don't get a better deal on port charges at Prince Rupert they will cancel the price agreement and ship their 7.7 million tonnes of coal annually from their own new port, farther down the coast at Kitimat.

The two mining companies—Teck Corp. of Vancouver and Dexin Mines of Toronto—successfully reached an agreement with a consortium of Japa-



Montreal CLC plant, Redfern (right) bargaining all the way to the altar

nese in Canada, but will clash with Holcim due to world leaders.

Canadian cement manufacturers have kept more abreast of changing technology than their U.S. counterparts. And General Portland—like the rest of the U.S. industry—is then more vulnerable to attack, through a combination of price controls, antipollution legislation, higher energy prices and a slowdown in the construction trade in the past decade. More than a dozen take-overs by foreigners in the American cement industry in the past four years are a clear indication that the Japanese have already been eating large chunks of the U.S. market. Analysts say with worldwide financial cloud behind it Canada Cement is in a much better position than General Portland

Blackout and coal strike: a better deal



THE PEACE RIVER COALFIELD



ness steel mills and trading companies for a 20-year contract worth \$30 billion. Closing a deal with the federal government hasn't been as easy. The coal has to be on its way to Japan by the end of 1983, and the two companies are growing increasingly nervous with a National Harbours Board (NHB) schedule that won't see the new coal port at Prince Rupert operating until mid-1984.

Robert Andrus, a former federal cabinet minister who is now a Tuck vice-president, insists the two companies are seriously considering Kilmat, a port where three large companies are already operating private facilities. Andrus estimates that Tuck-Denison could build what they need at \$100 million for less than the \$140 million to be spent by the NHB and the group of private companies which will operate the new coal port at Prince Rupert. The real issue is continuing negotiations this week between the two companies and the port agen-

Kilmat port site, Andrus (below), not just a negotiating ploy



ties in a planned rim in coal-handling charges after a set period terminating in 1989. Those additional charges would cost the two companies \$500 million over the 20-year life of the contract—

too much, Andrus says, given the modest federal investment to build a port at Prince Rupert.

The coal companies have been trying to get a better deal on port charges for months without any success, but Andrus insists that threatening to move to Kilmat isn't just a negotiating ploy. "It's a very serious consideration, 40 per cent based on economies," he says. A move from Prince Rupert to Kilmat would complete other projects now in the works, as the cost of building a new grain terminal on Radley Island is tied to a coal port also going in on the island. The CNR has plans to upgrade its lines to Prince Rupert, but it is counting on the thousands of tonnes of coal it will haul at negotiable freight rates to offset the cost of carrying grain at Government Freight Rates. The Opposition New Democrats in B.C. are already prying that the public will end up being stuck with a \$4-billion bill for northeastern development. Still, Andrus, and Ken Ruschford, who once sat around the same cabinet table in Ottawa, continue to push northeastern coal.

Rusford—who is now co-ordinating the negotiations between the different B.C. ministers and Crown corporations involved, as well as dealing with the coal companies for the province—believes that future coal contracts from the region will pay off the public investment. Teck and Denison also think that northeastern coal is a good deal—they just want a better one.

—MALCOLM GRAY

## Voices from the deep

YEs one got old politicians in new battles, but they're still just as apt to offer up the same old wine. Last week's launch of *Exit Inflation*, a new economic tract written by Paul Beltyer, reveals his latest solution to the nation's ills. *Agenda: A Plan for Action* made similar points back in 1971, but in the new paperback, rushed into print in time for the forthcoming world economic summit in Ottawa, it's clear that whatever changing politics and class ties Beltyer has had, along his career, he has remained true to the ideals of economist John Kenneth Galbraith.

Former the self-avowed man of the people—a 28-year veteran of the House of Commons, first as a Liberal cabinet minister and later a Tory MP, with an ill-fated stint as leader of Action Canada in between—Beltyer solemnly proclaims that the world leaders assembled in Ottawa July 20 and 21 should return home with one key idea, six versions of Galbraith: a worldwide freeze on wages and prices. Hard medicine, he says, but

in 15 months it will rid the world of the "madness disease" of inflation it followed by an excess policy mandating subsequent economic, particularly in the case of oligopolies—both business and union. The problem, Beltyer says, is the pace of wages set by the oligopolies, not oil prices, government deficits or balance of payments—although

Beltyer and Lasser still just as apt to offer up the same old wine



"there are just some of the incredibly complicated issues demanding attention."

Some of those other issues are dealt with in the work of another former politician, James Lasser, longtime Star radical who tried, and failed, to lead his party in 1971 when he was beaten for the leadership by David Lewis. Last month he offered his account of Canada's economic problems in a book called *Canada's Economic Strategy*. His conclusion: the right solutions lie with the current policies of the Liberal government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau: nationalism, protectionism and interventionism. He sees the solution: parties working with the labour—traditional supporters of free enterprise and foreign investment—now taking on the previous nationalist and protectionist stance of the Tories, and vice versa. "In the space of the past three years," writes Lasser, "the established structure of Canadian political and economic strategy has been wrecked into an unrecognizable form." Not completely agreeable, however, as long as old warriors such as Beltyer and Lasser continue their public battles.

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After nine years of singing for him in the Paris Métro, Montreal-born guitarist-singer **Chris Hill**, 28, returned to Canada last year and has since established himself as the major new exponent of Canadian folk-rock. His debut album, *Lifeline*, a combination of new wave and heavy metal, is attracting critical acclaim for its down-to-earth lyrics and working-class concerns. The writer of such songs as *Feeling* and *Last One to This Day* says, "It's time for a new generation of singer-songwriters. The music press is obsessed with new wave trends and sensations but they endorse violence, false values and a dumb lifestyle, but the real part of it is the kids don't under-

Working man's Harold Hall, the Queen Mother (left) marriage was far chicer



has instructed such notorious rascals as **Law Fennings** and **Sean Connery** who spent in the costume Broadway hit *James Fawcett* at the famous outdoor theatre at Long Island's Jones Beach. "If I didn't lose confidence in Mr. Joseph," admits Monah, "I'd have died a long time ago learning to sing." No critics mistake his "ramble-bumble" for **Lacino Fawcett**, but reviewers didn't give him the old quarterback seal either. *Said The New York Times*: "The wonder is not that he can sing and act well, but that he can sing and act at all."

Joe Monahan, small talent, large nerve



Royal wedding hysteria is reaching the saturation point even here in the colonies, but needs all the hype and trips. **Queen Elizabeth**, the Queen Mother, remains suitably unaffected. In Toronto last week to lend royal approval to the 12th anniversary of the Queen's Plate, the Queen Mother glowed with the warmth of an expectant bride-to-be. "A marriage is such a happy thing, isn't it? It spreads like ripples," she said. Admiring the royal household is somewhat routine over the opening rituals of Prince Charles and **Lady Diana Spencer**, she allowed that the future Queen of England is "very wise and very pretty, don't you think?" At 80, the dowager Queen has lost her hand to more than a few royal weddings, but she picks up the persistent rumors about her backroom matchmaking in this love set. "They did it themselves, which is the best way—and considerably different from the days of 1935 when the young **Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon** married the shy, stammering Duke of York and said later, "It was my duty to marry Bertie. I fell in love with him afterwards."

**Joe Monahan** has never lacked nerve. After all, what other pro football quarterback would have dared to make a party-babe commercial at the peak of his career? But now that his playing days are long over, Monahan is taking singing in public. At one time he was so shy that he couldn't even sing the national anthem in front of his teammates. After months of tutoring by Hollywood voice coach **Arthur Joseph**, who

stated what's really happening? Fennings Hall will explain it to them during his Western Canada tour this summer.

The fascination with hits (*The Book of Love*, *Canadian Book of Love*) continued last week when the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., named the 10 worst villains. The vetting panel, composed of history and politics professors, measured deliberate aggression, brutal use of power and impact upon history. **Hitler** and **Stalin** were unanimous selections, but also added to the new hall of infamy were **Genghis Khan**, **Hitler** and **Mao Tse-tung**. As will be noted that people who are **Hitler** the Han were certainly no fun, the panel went so far as to name 10 winners—

including **Queen Elizabeth** and **Jack the Ripper**. Only one woman, **Catherine de Medici**, a former queen of France, made it. **Lacino Fawcett** didn't even get a dissemblable mention. The panel attributed the shortage of beauteous women to a historical lack of power—not to any inherent traits of femininity.

Never tradecrafts into what it comes to looking the classes, it's no wonder the **Canadian Press** waited for a particularly offbeat film script before signing for their first big screen appearance and scoring dates. The film that caught their attention is *Armed and Dangerous*, the next best thing to *George and the Dragon* and *Why Shoot the Teacher?* director **Steve McQueen**. It's the tale of a fox terrier and his Mountie master who face the plotting of a mad scientist with a little help from a flying saucer full of extraterrestrial terrorists called *Terminator*. "We play the RCMP band at the northern outpost," says **Steve** to his lover **Charles** **Dallenbach**. "We're thinking of keeping the uniforms for our tour abroad. With our names, the audience seems to expect at least the bits."



Hopless member Asworthy (above), the Canadian Press an RCMP band in dog tale



longer **Gordon Lightfoot** and **Renee Hearn** on the screen. "I've known enough artists," he says, "I'm too busy doing what I'm doing."

In the two years that the Toronto *Armed and Dangerous* has been tickling suburban ribs, members **Paul Galt**, **Rick Green**, **Don Bell** and **Peter McQueen** have seen some hard days. There are now looking up. CBC radio has just signed the group to a 15-week run this fall. The weekly show, called *Frantic Times*, is being called as a "newswatch of the air" with social parody thrown in to lighten the mood following the serious news. *Armed and Dangerous* Toronto actress **Maggie Dallenbach** has been in-

cluded because, says **Shooting**, member **Chad**, "Someone suggested that we not include a touch of racism." Meanwhile, the troupe is planning down its rough edges at a local Toronto club—Chad portrays the club now in a Grade 3 version of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*.

On the one hand, **Lloyd Asworthy**, minister of employment and immigration and the man responsible for the status of women, tries to make amends for the fact he has concentrated since acquiring the *Armed and Dangerous* as the other hand, he digs himself a deeper grave. The minister recently instructed his department to lay out \$20,000 for free National Film Board distribution of the half-hour documentary *Moving Mountains*. Produced by Toronto film-maker **Ken Dryden**, the director of water in a BC and now down jobs usually reserved for men, drew applause from the minister, who said, "I believe that this film should be seen by as many people as possible so that everyone will realize that there are few, if any, jobs that women, given the chance, can not do." But by week's end Asworthy had told off the women in his employment portfolio's Outreach project, who claimed they only get a half-day out of a promised two days of meetings with their minister.

If inoperative and prescription gins have failed, smokers can try a mouthwash invented by Montreal doctor **William Nager Nager**'s most-favored mouthwash, *Takani*, renders breath fresh for eight to 10 hours, if cigarettes are smoked. But *Takani* and a smoker goes straight to bed," says nonsmoker Nager, 48. "It makes the mouth taste as though 80 cigars have been chewed." He spent 16 years performing the formula for the stuff, which costs \$10 a bottle and lasts 10 days. No guarantee, of course.

Canadian "guerilla" artist **Harold Town**, 57, severed his thousand-year association with the *Wadsworth* *Garden* when he recently shot a controversial film at its executive director, **Miriam Stein**, reached new heights when she closed his latest showing three days early. "At my last show's opening night she flicked the lights so the invited guests would leave," he says. "The next day she was saying my recent show was closed before the advertised date, and people fire in from the West to see it and found a note on the gallery's door—I lit the ceiling." Town says he will remain with *Wadsworth's* Montreal gallery because "I like the place, but you couldn't rent here—I really feel about *Miriam Stein*."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS



# A new kneeler

*Bjorn Borg's remarkable string ends at five*



By Jane O'Hara

A tentative forehead valley moist the dress. And as has been the custom for the past few years, the winner dropped to his knees on the battered brown turf of centre court, then raised his fists to the heavens as choruses of silent hallelujahs rang in his head. The only break with the tradition of these past six years was that this time the Wimbledon winner was not the stoical Swede, Bjorn Borg, but John McEnroe, the Modest-voiced New Yorker, who both riled and inspired British tennis fans throughout the Wimbledon fortnight with an occasional petulant, sometimes preternatural antics on the tennis court. On route to his gritty 4-6, 7-6, 7-6, 6-4 final victory over Borg, McEnroe was fired twice (11,500 and \$750) by the dogmatic Wimbledon officials for such conversational asides to umpires and himself as "he's an incompetent fool." He broke one racket under his foot as a fit of pique, caused a fight between a British and an American reporter and screamed Lady Di's name in protest during his semifinal against Aussie Rod Flavelley when he shouted, "I hate empires. I got screwed by them in this place." Before the royal bride-to-be was subjected to more she was escorted away by her handlers.

It is in the finals, with \$43,000 prize money in the winner, and the chance of ending Borg's remarkable string of five



Ervt (above) and a rejoicing McEnroe quick to raise his red, white and blue

consecutive Wimbledon wins, McEnroe behaved impeccably to make his first single's title was awarded the victory laurels of the All-England Club in 1977 when he reached the semifinals. And, in case there were any who missed the significance of the date—the American Fourth of July holiday—McEnroe was quick to raise his red, white and blue

felts back home who watched the 10-hour battle as live relay, there was some question of it when McEnroe leaped exuberantly into the TV camera lens and engaged his fellow New Yorkers "to party."

As inevitable as Borg was in victory, so too was he in defeat. "You can't win them all," he said. Having once stated, however, his desire to win 10 Wimbledon at a stretch, Borg proved unable to withstand the inexorable advance of the plucky McEnroe. Still, he did have his chance. Borg prepped himself for the task of trying William Renshaw's record of six consecutive Wimbledon victories (from 1881 to 1886) by practicing intensively on grass for 10 days prior to the tournament. Physically he was in better shape than ever, hurling neither from the puffed stomach men he had played him at Wimbledon last year, nor from the knee problem that threatened an operation last autumn. If there was a turning point in the match, it came in the third set. Borg led 4-3 after an early service break, only to have McEnroe break back to equalize with a series of electric volleys and passing shots. However, the tide again turned late in the set with McEnroe serving at 4-5, when the four Swede failed to cash in his claps after four set points. McEnroe, who has won nine of 12 breakers against Borg, hung on tenaciously to that game forcing the tabesman which he won 7-4.

If, however, McEnroe is to the British tennis establishment what Rod Vickers was to contemporary music—an excuse for the Brits to keep vivid the nation of the U.S. American—his counterpart, Chris Evert Lloyd, did much to disabuse them of the notion. Apart from winning her third Wimbledon singles title (after being runner-up for those consecutive years) by slipping effortlessly of the 16-year-old Czech star Hana Mandlikova's 5-7, 6-4, Evert ordered herself to Britain when she said, following her British husband John Lloyd's first-round win, that his victory meant as much to her as winning Wimbledon. (Evert's last sentiment would not likely be as wise from the mouth of the break McEnroe, should he ever have a tennis-playing wife, but by the end of the tournament even the British crowds had begun warming to their new champion. (McEnroe also won the doubles crown with American partner Peter Fleming, the American Davis Cup due to Stan Smith and Bob Lutz 4-4, 6-4, 6-4.) Lady Di, seated in the royal box along with ex-American movie star Princess Grace of Monaco, was one of the first to her feet in applause. Rod McEnroe of the tennis bonus of winning a membership in the exclusive All-England Club. "I'll have tea with them later." ☺

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## For the record



Mo'Nique: full of it potential

STORM WARNING  
Mo'Nique  
(Time Warner/CBS)

What a happy combination of talents this of each true to their strengths. McLaughlin, of the sweet-tough voice, and producer Bob Rivers, famous for doing things in a big way, seem to bring the best out in each other. McLaughlin has expanded his lyrics of the fussy cynicism that spoiled his last album and is rescued rather than drowned by Rivers' doleful and effects. Solids does an album seem so full of hit potential. There's folk and heavy metal and middle-of-the-road and funk and church music and a single, If the Wind Could Blow My Troubles Away, that must be the catchiest thing since Coca-Cola's I'd Like to Touch the World in Ship. And just when you think everything's getting a lot too grand and sentimental, there are two loose tracks about sexual kinkiness. You couldn't ask for anything more.

SEASON OF GLASS  
Yoko Ono  
(RCA/ARC)

Although it may be crazy to say so, it's a fact that because of the death of her husband, whatever Yoko Ono now does is bound to be interesting. Even though there are no overt references to that sad horror (except for the bloody glasses on the cover which some may regard as more than enough), this album is far

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more interesting as therapy, theatre or document than it is as music. Playing in the face of conventional ideas about privacy and taste, One explores the widow's words for a *childlike wish/into*. Instead of the erotic wit of *Double Fantasy*, there are several simple, sparsely arranged songs about dreams, freedom, "you" and "me." The posture is warm and encouraging, but monstrous. As delicate and defiant as she sometimes manages to be, one can't help wishing that One had wanted longer to share her welcome feelings.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

**BAROQUE AND ON THE STREET**  
*Frederic Hand and Eric Weisberg*  
(CBS)

Many "street musicians" are actually conservatory students who earn tuition in the form of fines and quarters tossed by passing shoppers and commuters, so it was inevitable someone would record a disc like *Baroque and On the Street*. Best known for his appearance as a street musician in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, guitarist Frederic Hand is teamed with Eric Weisberg, the dazzling banjoist who came to fame with another movie, *Delirious*. Backed with various combinations of harmonica, oboe, flute and recorder, they treat their mostly Viennese material like folk melodies rather than baroque dances. What results is the loveliest folk-classical album since John Renbourn's *The Lady and the Unicorn* in 1970. *Baroque and On the Street* was treated to casual dress.

—BART TESTA

**JADE EYES**  
*Riki Turfolsky*  
(Capricorn)

Gateway to expectations raised by its title, *Jade Eyes* is not as easy-listening album. Rather, it displays obscure Riki Turfolsky singing chansons by Villon-Lot, Cantelobe, Monteverde and Bachmannoff (among others) to the lacy guitar of Michael Laake. Turfolsky, who brings a sprightliness of approach and well-coined diction to the songs (some in English translation), has a sleek, esparto-stem's timbre rather than the liquid purity of other soprano. Perhaps it's a legitimate tack to take—these are songs, after all, and a song is what one makes of it. But occasionally, her voice and wholeness put one in mind of the satchel-toned artistry of the "Persian princess," Yma Sumac, who deployed a bawdy four-octave range with little of the taste that Cleo Laine brings to hers. *Jade Eyes* could go on to the jubilation of a tiny *Tijana* lounge (it's not quite a scandal, but simply background music not to be listened to with lyrics in hand).

—BILL MACVICAR

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## BEHAVIOR

### Breasts vs. braininess

The Olympus 41-inch bust line of "On screen star Jayne Mansfield served, at the time, to enhance her "dumb blonde" image. Nevertheless, it belied an exceptional intelligence—Mansfield's IQ was a hefty 163. Such perceptions about a link between breasts and brains still linger. According to a recent study, the large-breasted woman, at first glance, is often judged as having not only less intelligence and competence but also less moral fibre than a woman of moderate proportions. Despite the sex of the beholder, it appears bigger may well be worse.

The provocative study, entitled "First Impressions of Female Bust Size," was spawned in a psychology class at Wheaton College, a women's college in Norton, Mass. Professor Chris Kleinke explains, "My female students and I became curious as to what role bust size might play [in people's initial reactions]." Three hundred male and female students participating in the experiment were asked to respond to photos of models with varying degrees of bosom padding, from "small" (average 34.5 inches) to "medium" (average 35.4 inches), and "large" (average 37 inches). Ranking the women on qualities of likability, independence and assertiveness, the participants agreed that amply built women were no more appealing than other women and rated them, with surprising consistency, as full heads. Ironically, the results also revealed that the average college woman tends to desire a slightly larger bust size than the 34.5-inch average.

While Kleinke doubts that the study will sway the tide of hormone treatments and "breastreduction," he feels the findings indicate one thing: "that women ought to be satisfied with what they have."

—PAUL HUGHES

Kelley: packed and unpacked results



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# Charged with inadequacy and neglect

*Inquests into the extraordinary deaths of ordinary people often fail to protect the public*

By Lesley Krueger

Two years ago a Canadian National Railways engineer saw a man lying on the Prince Rupert, B.C., tracks. He tried frantically to stop his train, but failed, and Virgil Milton died. Blood samples later showed Milton had no alcohol in his system. Toxic samples taken for drug tests were lost. Despite pressure from the panicked family, however, an inquest was never held. Virgil Milton was Indian and, according to the *Globe and Mail*, the inquest refused him this show a pattern in northern B.C. Says mount lawyer Peter Grant, "The only recent non-fatal accident where there was an inquest involved two white guys. That accident was somewhat peculiar, but no more peculiar than the ones involving Indians."

In Windsor, Ont., a different death haunts John West. For three years the diesel parts worker has fought unsuccessfully for an oxygen-supplied mask to screen toxic chemicals from the de-greasing machine he operates. Four months ago, West found that the accident he feared had already happened in Toronto on March 31, 1978. 35-year-old David Powell was overcome by fumes from a de-greasing machine, fell back and died. The inquest into Powell's death saw the jury recommend better ventilation in degreasing areas—to no avail. West wants to know why he must fight this fight.

The search isn't unique. From across Canada come charges that coroners or chief medical examiners' systems either aren't working well, or are ignored when they do. In Edmonton, the Alberta Federation of Labor claims the provincial government slanders employees' recommendations by not presenting them to coroners. In Labrador City, Nfld., steelworkers are still pushing for a dust-monitoring system recommended in 1973. And in Toronto, Sharon Roberts is still awaiting an inquest into the shooting death of her security guard husband in April, 1986.

Systems for investigating deaths vary from province to province, but in all cases involve two steps. The first is medical: a doctor, through examination or autopsy, determines physical cause of death. Next—at least in theory—where suspicion is raised, an inquest or inquiry is held to investigate circumstances surrounding the death. Alberta,



Sharon Roberts at kin of husband's death on wedding day (inset) no inquest

Nova Scotia and Manitoba have enacted Fatality Inquiries Acts that separate the two functions. Chief medical examiners oversee physical examinations; judges hold inquiries. In Newfoundland, provincial judges alone investigate deaths. All other provinces and both territories use Coroners Juries, where one officer oversees both medical and legal inquiries. There, lay jurors may be called to hear testimony at inquests. Except in Quebec, jurors can't assign blame, although the finger is often implicitly pointed through their recommendations. In no province, however, are recommendations binding.

Inquests or inquiries are the most public parts of the services. At their simplest level, according to Vancouver lawyer Craig Peterson, they're "institutionalized widow," which allow communities to mourn their dead. At their most complex, inquests let stressed coroners expose negligence that internal government investigations might otherwise hush up. The Ontario government, for example, was severely embarrassed by a 1979-1980 inquest into the deaths of seven young forestry workers at Geraldton when a "controlled burn" fared out of control. There was evidence given that government supervisors failed to follow safety procedures. Inquiries foster safety procedures. Inquiries foster safety procedures. Inquiries foster safety procedures. Inquiries foster safety procedures.

the government." But this watchdog role, says Peterson, tempts governments to quietly under-hand coroners' offices or mobilize more directly in these management to cut off criticism at the source.

British Columbia recently saw an unexpected example of this. Crown v. Coroner's Office. In January, Attorney-General Allan Williams fired provincial chief coroner Dr. William McArthur, hired only two years before. At issue were McArthur's efforts to modernize the B.C. service, which included increased scrutiny of patently questionable medical practices. He calls that move "necessary." But registrar Dr. John Hutchinson of the B.C. College of Physicians and Surgeons says that doctors—necessarily on the stand at inquests—objected to the "broad legal approach" which is none of suspected negligence save their methods and integrity publicly questioned. Doctors lobbed Victoria McArthur was ousted. And while new chief coroner Robert Gilchrist says he has taken modernization, one out-of-province coroner claims a deal has been struck that allows the college to once more investigate all possible negligence cases quietly and internally. Attorney-General Williams refuses all comment. Gilchrist says that while he objects to McArthur's emphasis on cross-examination, talk of a sell-off to the college is "simply not true."

Truth and consequences aside, the B.C. system is still under fire. *Globe and Mail* lawyer Grant is now fighting for an inquest into another railway death. Lawrence Michell was struck by a car and killed while walking down a straight stretch of highway near his Burns Lake home. The death was labelled accidental, but Indiana Ray Michell was a victim of yet another game of "chicken" played by white vans. Gilchrist, only three months in office when Michell was killed, says his office is reviewing all recent deaths. Grant fears, however, that without an inquest to pile down cause, the "chicken" playing will continue.

This protective role of inquests is crucial to Ontario's medical coroners' service, regarded as outstanding in Canada, and perhaps the world. Held by the highly regarded Dr. H. Beatty Cotnam, it provided the model not only for B.C.'s McArthur, but also for Saskatchewan. Among the factors pushing the Ontario system to prominence is the thoroughness of that province's forensic investigation. Police rely on forensic pathologists to uncover criminal cause of death. And the well-funded Ontario unit is the best in Canada, second-

best only that faced by Woodhouse worker John West are common—and perfectly avoidable. Cotnam, in a practice now widely followed, therefore lets its follow-up letters to affected companies or government departments. He also receives his inquiries privately, with an eye to publicizing a pattern of deaths that must be halted.

Recent Ontario publicity has centred on two highly charged cases in St. Catharines, ill-equipped police stood helplessly on shore last March while two youths drowned, four years after a jury made tribute—and ignored—recommendations on search procedures. And the North York jury investigating six fire deaths at the Inn on the Park recommended the same changes in fire inspection law as did two unheeded juries in 1974 and 1978. "They may think," says Cotnam, "that when we bring up a point repeatedly, it may be best to change [the practice]. That's politics." Cotnam's publishing has also led to safety laws for seniors and municipalities, and increased public awareness of child abuse. "We must have had 30 inquests into same deaths, all stating much the same thing [before a new law was passed]," he says—small consolation.



Inquest jurors at Inn on the Park awaiting recommendations of embalmed juveniles

ing to feed B.C. coroner McArthur. In contrast, B.C. has set one practicing forensic pathologist, while even smaller Alberta has three. Current coroner Gilchrist says that he plans to hire one or more forensic pathologists—but meanwhile, insists McArthur. "The quality of evidence presented in B.C. courts is not as good as in other jurisdictions."

Ontario has also led the way in pressing for applications of jury recommendations. Because recommendations are binding nowhere in Canada, atten-

tion, he agrees, for the family of the 20th victim.

Inaction on jury recommendations in fact comes in for harsh criticism across Canada—particularly from labor unions, which find arguments or inquiries especially upsetting. Because other courts are closed to dead workers' families seeking redress. Compensation laws nearly always prohibit families from suing employers in the civil courts for wrongful death, and criminal charges are seldom brought against companies or their managers. "So the public purpose served by the criminal or civil system is taken on by the coroners' system," says Peterson.

But do unions get the results they want? Lawyer Grant says that in northern B.C. the answer is no. Mill owners are overrepresented on juries examining mill deaths, he charges, and hand down ineffective safety recommendations which, even when implemented, leave workers fearing for their lives. In Labrador City, health and safety director Roland Legrow of the United Steelworkers' local says he's teamed with occupational safety representa-



Peterson: "Institutionalized widow."

mentations released in May following an inquiry into three workers' deaths. But past experience makes him doubt the government will implement recommendations. A 1975 report urging the use of sophisticated dust-monitoring equipment has been only superficially followed in Toronto. Lawyer Grant says that in Edmonton, says governments have repeatedly ignored jury recommendations for better inspection of bush aircraft to prevent overloading, which many companies practice to stay solvent but which have led to repeated fatalities.

Critics agree that any publicity shortcomings must companies into following recommendations, the main obstacle is government. North York's Inn on the Park, for example, promptly installed fire safety devices after the inquest. But governments show a constitutional unwillingness to spend money. "Safety inspectors for bush airplanes," comments Elliott, "are an expensive proposition."

Response to such complaints is two-fold: governments disagree with some recommendations, my criticisms, and public resistance would make others impossible to enforce. Alberta chief medical examiner Dr. John Burt believes he could eliminate most road deaths with three more four-way stop signs at every intersection. Mandatory seat belt laws and acceptable blood alcohol readings of zero. "But you have to have medical laws," says Grant. "And

one very practical item."

To lean on both government and private sectors, most provinces now use Ontario's system of follow-up letters. But even Ontario's model system is now under attack. This spring the Hamilton Spectator detailed four recent and troubling deaths whose inquests had not been called. Within two days, Ontario's office ordered inquests into three deaths, but renegade former coroner Morton Shulman still charges "The system has pretty well broken down."

Among Shulman's concerns is his longtime patient Sharon Roberts, whose husband, Larry, was shot during a holiday more than a year ago. Mrs. Roberts still seeks an inquest to investigate what she thinks are safety irregularities in her husband's death. "All sorts of cases that should have been called aren't being called," insists Shulman. "Something's gone wrong in the chief coroner's office."

Shulman diagnoses the problem as Ontario's frequent absence lately, caused by ill health. Another Ontario MPP likes to stir up trouble. He was fired last as coroner, you know? Shulman was in fact fired in 1987 after ordering an inquest against Ontario's inquest, and their subsequent feud led to an Ontario royal commission. Coroner says he wants of the Roberts case, but won't hold an inquest because police think they know the culprits and will make arrests eventually. Many arrests, however, are never made, because police knowledge of culprits is based more on instinct than evidence. When, therefore, should inquests be held? "It's a judgment call," admits Corson.

Judgevici calls pepper coroners' services, leaving critics wondering whether concentration of power in one office makes the system too vulnerable to the political manipulations of one person. That's one reason some provinces have favored the medical examiner's system, where inquests are held at the discretion of a committee. "In a coroner's system one is expected to be a doctor and lawyer and inquest," says Halifax County's chief medical examiner, Dr. Rowley Perry. "Some systems involve people who aren't even doctors or lawyers. I don't think that's the proper way to conduct an investigation."

Others nevertheless defend the system of a watchdog coroner assisted by lay jurors as a way to insure common sense into the judicial system, leading to a collective cry of two cheers for services across Canada. Says Patterson "Inquests can become a vehicle to prevent the disadvantaged—the poor, the elderly, native people—who often die under unusual circumstances. That's why it's important that the system be strengthened." ☐

## LIVING

# Clothing insecurities

Wardrobe consultants are nursing men's what-to-wear angst



Brooker at work: Men hate fashion!

It is symptoms include classic identity confusion, a rankled fear of credit card backlash and muscle tremors induced by the color pink. Those afflicted may become completely attached to a university sweatshirt or a pair of leather boots or sit in the late '90s Men's Fear of Fashion—it's a reality that there's up not when a man chooses his working wardrobe (the right dress-for-success formula has solved that problem), but when he confronts the problem of what to wear after hours. In an era of relaxed dress codes and high prices, men uncertainly has given birth to a new type of specialist, the wardrobe or "image" consultant.

Toronto's Deborah Brooker, a wardrobe consultant for women, is also clothing mentor to a select 30 male clients. "Men," says Brooker, "hate fashion." What she offers them is an understanding of what good-looking leisure clothes can do for their bodies. "A handsome face should be framed, a strong chest and shoulders highlighted, a nice derriere accentuated by pants that do so in a non-obvious way." For \$60 an hour Brooker will look over an existing wardrobe, make recommendations, go about garments and escort her clients to stores, where she supervises all fittings. "And if they learn nothing else from me," says Brooker, "they leave what color flatter them."

But for many men, what-to-wear angst is really the fear of the unknown

"What's tough," says 25-year-old Gary Dandley, a Willowdale, Ont., computer consultant, "is any social event that involves people I don't really know. Nowadays, it's the people, not the occasion, that distains the dress." Richard Garrett, a Toronto public relations director, agrees. "When it comes to dinner parties, what's acceptable is one horse isn't appropriate is another."

In Vancouver, Pat Slattery claims men's insecurity about dress is less pronounced since casual clothes are the norm and only a dozen city night spots require formal garb. But in Toronto, Saul Korman, clothing consultant and president of Korman's Clothiers to Gentlemen, finds that 80 per cent of his customers have trouble "dressing down." "I've seen men at a summer cocktail party in 90° weather wearing a business suit. And they may know how to dress for the golf course but they don't know how to dress for the golf club dinner." For \$100 an hour, Korman will choose clothes from outside his store (within the store the service is free) and will leave all about a customer's non-working life—hobbies, vacations, clubs—to put together a mistake-proof wardrobe.

Fashion experts isn't exclusive to Toronto. "For many young men, from jeans they come and to jeans they go," quips Doug Ridgwell, owner of the well-established Halifax store bearing his name. "We like them to know that they have other options." Bob Bryson of Montreal's Bryson & Bryson admits that his clients are somewhat selfless since the demise of the safari-like leisure suit, and are asking for more guidance.

Meanwhile, in a store that abounds with primary- and pastel-colored sportswear, such as tender-pink knit ties and fiery red polo shirts, Toronto retailer Harry Rosen turns the fashion consulting industry with skepticism. After all, he points out, men's clothing is a conservative phase the only new in the use of color in ensemble classic styles. "We believe that men really love color," he asserts. "This isn't just an attempt to appeal to the women who influence men." Toronto stockbroker Brian Carter agrees. "One of my favorite pieces of clothing is a pair of red tie knots. They really give me a lift." Coauthors a 35-year-old Toronto management consultant: "Serve I like color—in paintings." —FRANCIS WELCH

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**CFRB 1010**  
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## TECHNOLOGY

# Ousting a chemical pariah

PCBs' days are numbered due to new disposal methods

By Andrew Weiner

For years PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) have presented an infuriating conundrum. The very qualities that made PCBs a "wonder chemical" in the 1950s—near indestructibility and indestructibility—now make them impossible to dispose of safely. Burying, or conventional waste incineration, only releases them into the environment, where they seep steadily up the food chain, finally accumulating in the fatty tissues of the human body—an unenviable prospect, since PCBs have been linked to birth defects, liver damage and cancer. Although only about 10,000 kilograms of the liquid are still in use in Canada, primarily as a coolant and insulator in electrical transformers—many of which are situated in densely populated areas. Since the U.S. border closed to PCB liquid wastes in 1979, another 1.5 million kilograms have been awaiting safe disposal.

New breakthroughs in disposal techniques, however, now promise to put the PCBs to rest for good. The most urgent search for satisfactory solutions is in Ontario, the site of 60 per cent of Canada's PCB. Began in 1975 when Ontario Ministry of Environment tests at Mississauga's St. Lawrence Cement Co. found that PCBs could be destroyed with 99.999-per-cent efficiency in the 1,800°C heat of a current jet. But the local council, perhaps fearing the community would become a dumping ground for the chemical, promptly passed a bylaw banning PCB burning in its jurisdiction. The provincial government, anxious to stem



Edwards, trapped by public guises

a flood of rivalries "not in our backyard" bylaws, is still fighting it out with Mississauga in the courts. Local councils also fear the possibility of spills during transportation of the chemical to a destruction facility. Treating PCBs on the contaminated site has thus become a political imperative.

With that need in mind, the Ontario government is currently funding research into two portable PCB incineration methods (to the tune of \$800,000). One, an electrically generated plasma reactor which burns PCBs in a stainless steel vessel, is being studied by scientists at the Royal Military College in Kingston. Stanley Townsend and his company, STC Consultants in Downsview, are using a gas-fired plasma torch

Drew (far left) and associate with diesel engine; Townsend showing plasma torch

to burn up PCBs at a rate of 650 litres an hour in a combustion chamber the size of a large front lawn can. Both these high-tech methods generate extremely high heat—2,000°C to 3,000°C for the torch and up to 10,000°C for the arc. And both undoubtedly destroy PCBs by breaking them down into gases. "No organic molecules can withstand such temperatures," says Drew Edwards, head of special projects for the waste management branch of the Ontario Ministry of Environment. No one is sure, however, that the emissions are free from toxic byproducts such as dioxin and dibenzofuran. Although Townsend will agree to render no marketable PCBs, the torch's output is 900 litres of PCBs an hour, the industry is still waiting for the emissions research—due by the end of this year.

Meanwhile, in a project that has consequently been neither funded nor approved by the Ontario government, D & D Disposal Ltd., a Smithville-based waste disposal company, has been developing its own solution to the PCB problem: mixing the liquid with diesel fuel to be burned at about 600°C in the high heat and pressure of a diesel engine's cylinder head. In a one-hour test burn at the Ontario Research Institute in Mississauga in July, 1989—partially funded by an \$18,000 Environment Canada grant—one litre of PCBs was converted with 99.998-per-cent efficiency into reusable hydrocarbon fuel. The remaining 0.002 per cent consisted with carbons and was caught in water scrubbers and filters. D & D President Thomas Drew claims: "The engines will cost about \$200,000 to \$300,000 apiece. They'll consume 1.5 litres of diesel oil of PCBs an hour." Ministry of Environment officials, however, expressed some skepticism about D & D's results and refused to grant Drew permission for further tests. "There's no reason to assume that the hydrochloric acid is not PCB-

contaminated," explains Edwards. Adds Graham Scott, Ontario deputy minister of the environment: "We're not against the diesel engine process. But we don't find an engine with PCBs. And they [D & D] didn't do what was required of them to satisfy us."

Anxious to reap sweet rewards that those apparently forthcoming in Ontario, Drew struck a co-development deal with a division of British General Electric to test his invention. A report on the British tests is expected this summer. But in the meantime he has launched another venture with his new partners: a distillation process to remove the trichlorobenzene from liquid PCBs before disposal, reducing the volume by one-third. Trichlorobenzene is a harmless and valuable chemical used as a base substance for paints and pesticides—and as a decontaminant for used PCB wastes. "Why incinerate it," asks Drew, "when you can recycle it." He is again awaiting the province's approval to set up this process at his Smithville headquarters.

Another new angle on the PCB problem comes from the west, from a team of scientists at B.C. Hydro's Research and Development Centre in Vancouver. Their sulphate brine solution is a mixture of oil and PCBs. The sodium combines with the chlorines in the PCBs to form sodium chloride—common table salt—along with an easy-to-dispose-of waste product called polyphenylene. The method is still under development, and the economics of it remain vague. But project leader David Pugh suggests that it may be more viable for treating oils already contaminated with PCBs, such as electrical transformer fluids, than for destroying pure liquid PCBs, which could be more cheaply incinerated. The team has applied for a patent in the U.S. and Canada, but may face some heavy competition from the U.S. companies Goodyear, Solito and Russell International, which have all developed chemical processes to turn PCBs into ash.

The last does not end where General Electric scientists in New York state have been working on a PCB-erasing strain of bacteria. The residents of New York City, however, must contend with PCB-contaminated soil from a spill to make a link-free PCB "land." And at the Lockheed Research Center in Palo Alto, Calif., PCBs are being incinerated with microwave.

In Canada, none of the methods proposed by science and industry has been implemented. With government hand-scrubbing by anxious protesters, any new method must undergo extensive testing. And even then, says Edwards, "People may still respond 'We don't give a damn what you say about it—we don't want it.'" □

## RELIGION

# An Iranian purge of a divergent faith

On March 16, 1984, a 17-year-old Iranian was sentenced to death in Ashkezar by an Iranian revolutionary court. His daughter, Vahid Khatami, of Newmarket, Ont., relates that after his execution, his mother received a bill for the cost of the bullet.

Officials did not accept of "corrupt business dealings" and "suspecting a proscribed religion"—a convoluted way of saying he was a Baha'i. The bizarre assortment of charges and the gravity of the sentence have become commonplace in post-revolutionary Iran, where thousands of Baha'is—their members defy a court—have been stripped of their jobs and property, terrorized or killed. Last month, the threatened slaughter of the site of a major Baha'i



Khatami branded as traitor

shrine in Shiraz prompted a unanimous resolution from the House of Commons calling for an end to the destruction. The government of Australia and the European Parliament have echoed Ottawa's protest, fact-finding missions have been set up by the UN, the World Council of Churches and the Federation of Protestant Churches in Switzerland. But the strongest surge of activity has come from Baha'is themselves.

Based on the teachings of the prophet Baha'ullah, the Baha'is faith grew out of Islam in the 19th century. It stresses world unity, the harmony of religion and science, and racial equality—teachings that diverge radically from those of fundamentalist Islam, which regard

Muhammad as the last of the prophets. Iran's 1979 constitution, therefore, nominally recognizes other religions such as Jews (who are also persecuted), but brands the country's half-million Baha'is as heretics—a gross charge in the current religious state. The social implications are dramatic. Baha'i marriages, which are civil (there is no clergy), cannot be registered; the women, who reject the chador (veil), are considered prostitutes. Generally speaking, Iran's Baha'is are viewed as a suspect class—despite the fact that many of them, under the shah, held high level of education enabled many to win prestigious positions.

Worse, Baha'is are often accused of being "Moslem spies" because the shrine comes meeting the site of the prophet's tomb is located in Jerusalem. It is these political charges that most trouble Baha'is, since their faith forbids them to participate in politics. Yet events in Iran have prompted the worldwide community to lobby governments and institutions to sever relations. Internationally, the Baha'is elected governing body, the Universal House of Justice, has called on all the faith's national assemblies to appeal to the UN to stop the torture and executions.

Another paradox rests in the seizure of some expropriated Baha'is in Iran—despite warnings from Amnesty International. One such case involves Dr. Farzaneh Sazandari, who left her Canadian-born wife, Anita, and their children in safety in the U.S., but returned to Iran to assist his family. Last summer he was convicted for offenses including "working for SAVAK" and "spreading prostitution." Yet because the Baha'is faith took root in the martyrdom of its founders, such persecutions have played a crucial role in galvanizing the Baha'is into action.

Vahid Khatami, a letter from a friend awaiting execution in Iran, who quotes from a poem: "It takes a pure gem to be worthy of this honor." Canada's 11,000 Baha'is have not yet directly expressed solidarity as privilege. But as Anita Sazandari points out, "My husband did not plan to become a martyr. If anything in takes away from you, you have a choice: either shrug it off, or fight."

—FRANÇOISE GAGLIARDI

With files from Nancy Wilson

# A delicious and dreadful detention

Manhattan becomes a prison as John Carpenter casts his night vision upon the future

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK  
Directed by John Carpenter

**T**he notion of Manhattan as a maximum-security prison of the future is more funny than fantastic.

Manhattan almost is one right now in *Escape From New York*. John Carpenter takes New York and the U.S. to their logical conclusions. The crime rate has risen (by 400 per cent) to the point where the only

alternative is to chuck wrongdoers into the dead city which is surrounded by a one-metre heavily guarded wall. The Statue of Liberty has become Liberty Island Security Control, headed by Police Commissioner Bob Hawk (Lee Van Cleef), where helicopters buzz around monitoring attempted escapes. When Snake Pliskens (Kurt Russell) arrives to be incarcerated he's told he has the option of being cremated, it's that bad over there.

Carpenter's plot exploration is so swift and so sure we don't question it



Russell when it don't filled with snakes, the film is howling funny

for a moment. The shots of the city—dark, silent, with only the helicopters whirring about like mosquitoes—have a spectral, poetic quality. At the same time Snake is being loaded for his incarceration, a plane carrying the president (Donald Pleasence), on his way to a world summit meeting, is headed smack into Manhattan with a terrorist at the controls. John Carpenter has a Prisoner-like imagination; the president escapes in an ejected capsule that looks like a big orange egg. He's snatched at once by the scavengers of the city landed over by the Duke of New York (Hume Cronin) who presents the authorities with the president's dagger and a demand for amnesty. The prison head makes a deal with Snake (his assistant) to bring back the president. There's a catch: two explosive devices have been implanted inside Snake's neck by Hawk, ready to pop in 24 hours.



Aphelene Barbeau as a convicted felon (left). Pleasence: slippery sport

Kurt Russell's Snake Pliskens ("Two Purple Hearts—Loser and a Winner") is a new kind of hero. Wearing an eye patch, he's bitterly cynical; this guy has seen and done it all. With nothing to lose, he flies a small, sleek plane into the city and lands it atop the World Trade Center. When it isn't filled with snakes, *Escape From New York* is howling funny. You keep drinking in all the details, and they're either delicious or dreadful. Graffiti has overgrown the city; the way weeds mangle an untended garden. Manhattan is a panorama of putrefaction—a giant garbage heap. But it hasn't really changed. Its surrealism and slippery spirit is embodied by a cabbie (Ernest Borgnine) spouting good-natured street wisdom.

Donald Pleasence, his face a theatre of servile pain, is hilariously cast as the president of the United States. There's also a running joke throughout the movie: everyone Snake meets says, "I heard you were dead." It's 1997 and still a small world.

*Escape From New York* is Carpenter's most satisfying work. *Madhouse* relentlessly pursued one idea. It was terrific schlock, but people weren't disposed to in the quick, lively way they are here. *The Fog* was just plain silly and crassly murky in the wrong way. In *Escape*, Carpenter's cinematographer, Dean Cundy, uses new special-effects called Ultra Speed Pansters that lend a new clarity throughout every inch of the frame during the night shooting, which encompasses well over half the movie. However, Carpenter keeps his tongue in his cheek for too long, crippling the suspense toward the climax: he doesn't have us believing in it. He also leaves several scenes undeveloped, especially one between Snake and a girl (Sharon Hickey) in a bombed-out Chuck Full O' Nuts shop. And a fight in the

ring (set up in Grand Central) between a giant broken and Snake is clumsily glossed. The movie loses its gitch and gets out right at that point when it can't afford to. Carpenter stays a smartypants all the time. He's too smart for his own good—but boy, is he smart.

—LAURENCE O'FOYLE

## On Her Majesty's sleepy servants

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY  
Directed by John Glen

**I**nfatuation has caught up with James Bond. Remember when he would take out his lighter and you would half expect him to produce an evening gown out of it for his lady companion? The maverick gadgetry that always went along with 007 isn't much in evidence in *For Your Eyes Only*, the 12th in the most successful movie series of all time. A lot of other things are absent too in this odd, old-fashioned (though it would, or could, be said) Bond outing. Bond has suffered the same fate as the car: all those options are just too expensive these days.

The belt-tightening seems to have affected the story line as well, though not Roger Moore as the once-sweet swanning spy who seems to have turned into Telly the Tannoy. The narrative is condensed—an unimaginative bit of bluff about Bond retrieving an important transmitter sunk into the ocean before the Russians get their oily hands on it—and goaded with flippant turns. In the earlier Bonds, events unravelled so quickly you didn't have time to think whether something was logical or not. In *For Your Eyes Only* there's ample opportunity to knit a pair of socks from

sea clix to the mart. What has gone so awfully wrong?

The first clue is the title song, which sounds like an old disco hit retuned to an old-age home. As well as having their own look, the Bonds seem to have their own sound: the continuity that John Barry's scores lend to the series has been used by Bill Conti's sharp. And the second clue is that the director, John Glen, is borrowing his first—well, one guess, his last—Bond picture. *For Your Eyes Only* isn't even as good as *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* for goodness' sake, and even retreats its nose when it isn't ending Thunderball in the underwater sequences. And now for the clincher—the heroine is a money creature called Melina, played by a sullen woman named Carole Bouquet. Penny Gore could bubble her up like an olive.

Former Bond villains used to be so



Jameson (left) and Moore: a lot of absent elements in a dull Bond outing

clever, witty and thoroughly nasty you ended up liking them, here they are stolid and manic-beamed or boring, or even better. No fun at all. Truth told, this is a James Bond movie that goes on interminably. One of the villains has a protrait, an Olympic hopeful, and it is called Lynn-Holly (see Cundy) Johnson and it skates and it smiles. It should be put in a small room with richer Odysseus or James. Or perhaps the one good line in the movie, referring to Margaret Thatcher, should be changed to accommodate Lynn-Holly. What's her name? "She'll have her gats for garters."

—L.G.T.



BRADOR TAKE THE TIME



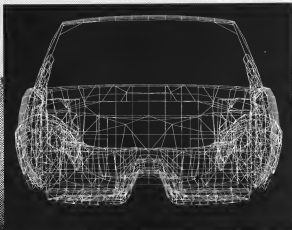
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# TOYOTA

OH WHAT A FEELING!

# The subtle art of disobedience

The secret to Italian civility lies in their ability to disregard regulations

By Barbara Amiel

When I was in Italy the other day, the excitement, I regret to report, was not about the (sic) radio version of *Break Williams*. The *Show Me Never Give* winning the second Prix de Monaco award. The stir was about the second-place Italian show. No wonder. The Italian show was a talking, singing tribute to Fiat as radio, with its mad lack of vocal delights, can ever deliver. Send one wild British radio producer to his Italian counterpart: "How could you, as it were, offer get away with this? We'd be shocked if we tried."

The surprise was not surprising. It is not as if Italy were a hotbed of sexual or any other kind of permissiveness. Even though it has recently confirmed some of the most liberal abortion laws in Europe, the laws against pornography are at least as strict as in Ontario of *The Sex Files* fame—the scene in which the Germans, for heaven's sake, were too busy for our century's tastes.

When it comes to regulations, Italy probably has more than any Western country—well, perhaps, with the exception of that state of left hysteria, Sweden. With its 21 legislatures, half a dozen competing police forces and past presidents who continue through a life membership in the Senate to push their pet laws on the people, there is no shortage of mania and mania in regulations are hampered by the Italian tradition, anyway. Besides my recall the ex-school teacher and journalist Benito, he of the black shirt and iron masticators and much adored at the time by the masses for his firm understanding, who even passed some regulations about the trains having to run on time. Today Italy is one of the few Western countries where elected governments control regional governments—no strangers to regulations, they—and then there is the Vatican that also knows a few things about due and do's.

Yet, why is it that you seldom hear a gossip about deregulation under the blue skies of the sunny Mediterranean?

After all, even the Economic Council of Canada has just spent \$1 million to announce in its study, *Reforming Regulations*, that it's hard to tell which came first, the Jewish wastefulness, the chicken, or the egg marketing board. In the United States, "regulations" has become such a bad word that any day now we can expect a bill to abolish incentives. The innocent reader can only wonder why the Italians get up with all their rules without a murmur.

The realisation dawns first on the au-



tstrada. On roads marked 100 km/h, the only vehicle slowing the speed limit is a lone Maserati with British licence plates and a flat tire. On the other pedestrian crossings in the piazzas you can see bicyclists, motor scooters and cars—but no pedestrians. They are damned to get out of the lanes marked "Buses Only," where even the oldest Italians do not remember ever having seen a bus. Carney regulations are strict but stern or tall booths accept anything from dollars to Swiss francs and then give you things in gaily wrapped bubble gum to compensate for a shortage in coinage. At a doorway at the Grand Hotel, in Florence, employees who enter taxis are charging three times the official tariff. He proudly points to the computerized income tax forms the government in Rome sends everybody. "The American could show our government how to do it," he says.

At the police station in Florence this newly mutated citizen is asked to make a

statement. She is ready—but the investigating officer is not. "You need special paper for complaints," he explains. "It's the regulation." All right, then, where is the paper? Oh, the police department never stock it. The tabloidist across the road does—at \$2 a page.

Suddenly the coin, or perhaps the bubble gum, drops. Of course there is little talk about deregulation in Italy. Why fight the paper tiger? The marvelous Mediterranean spirit, the Italian genius, the vital flow of *bricio*, has solved the problem without it. The Italian have not the gordian knot. They can have all the rules and regulations in the world, they will simply not observe them. The Italians have raised civil disobedience to a fine, subtle art. They have made regulations what most of them desire to be—the dead letters of someone else's desire. As Luigi Barzini writes: "It is possible to trace constant trends (such as) the art of living as if all laws were absent, as a habit, as a social adaptation to be over-come somehow."

The Italians are aware that not all regulations are unnecessary and bad. They waste little time quarreling with principles. Who knows, income tax may be a good thing—but it costs a person too much money. Pedestrian crossings may be very useful—but they take one so far out of the way. The point is that this spirit of cheerful, selfishness, non-conformity, may not be altogether a bad thing. In their curious way they are a safeguard against the efficiency of evil. Maybe doing away with laws something to fascist regimes was a smart idea, but few Italians could be bothered to learn that once Mr. Cohn who happened to be their neighbor—which Benito points out several Italians and feeling Eastern European Jews from slaughter. And perhaps if you can't be bothered to observe car laws and regulations, for every good you avoid, chances are you'll avoid 10 that are good, stupid or wicked. Casanovsky or not, the wisdom of Galileo, Marconi, Columbus, Michelangelo, Verdi, Petrarch, Titian, and Pavarotti, notwithstanding something pretty essential about life.



MacLennan at age 8 (above) in Oxford, 1921 (left); in Montreal, 1980: obduracy and ragged perseverance

## BOOKS

### A voice in his time

HUGH MACLENNAN  
A WRITER'S LIFE  
by Elizabeth Cameron  
(University of Toronto Press, \$21.95)

A ten-year-old, he refused to sleep in a house, preferring to prick a tent in his parents' backyard and sleep out, winter or summer. In middle age he played French games of tennis against John Bassett for, and, if he lost, he would flag himself onto the wire fence around the court or tear up the grass with bare hands. Throughout his life, Hugh MacLennan has had as a shadowy streak in his character, a Highland obstinacy that kept him working bravely through the dark times of poverty, bereavement and failure. Now he has come from him the blood from a precious stone only dug in the past 50 years. MacLennan's first three books were all rejected by publishers, and without that ragged perseverance he might have been an anonymous pensioner in Ireland. St. Hugh of Halifax has now been assumed in prose.

He was born in Glace Bay, N.S., in 1907, of a gentle, artistic woman and a sternly Presbyterian doctor, who translated ancient Greek for her. Most strongly ambitious for his son, Dr. Ross determined that Hugh would study classics at Dalhousie, and at graduation won a Rhodes scholarship, he duly accomplished all three tasks. After Oxford he moved on to Princeton, writing a PhD on the long decline of an Egyptian outpost deep in the Roman

Empire and falling in love with an American writer, Dorothy Dunson. (He has returned to Canada in 1955, he became a teacher at Lower Canada College in Montreal, a city he learned to love. When the outbreak of the Second World War turned his thoughts back to Halifax in an earlier war, he wrote *Disorderly History*, the book that made him famous. Such a huge rental of the facts makes it sound easy, it wasn't. Like so many biographies of writers, *Hugh MacLennan* reveals the terrible cost of artistic success. The *Watch That Ends the Night*, *From Solitude*, *Victory in Time* and his *Sea* other novels have been paid for with sweat, doubt and pain. The formidable influence of his father was especially important to

MacLennan in the 30s: a terrible cost



shake off, and at one point MacLennan even declared John Cohn (the most evil man in history). But he never lost the moral seriousness of his Maritime upbringing. His books have always set out to teach us, to make us think.

Elizabeth Cameron's recent biography of MacLennan has taken ten years to write, and the difference shows. She quotes from his letters at length and, having previously edited a collection of his essays, she has an unrivalled knowledge of his unrepentant sketches and articles. But her discreet summary is brought at a price: vivacity. The accumulation of orderly facts and the security of disorderly anecdotes gives this biography a strangely abstract, bloodless quality. Indeed, it resembles a factual counterpoint to one of MacLennan's lesser novels: *Just and Unjust*, but short on emotional force and reticent about women. In *Hugh MacLennan*, speaks, speaks, speaks and reviews seem twice as important as passions or even friendships.

The subtitle holds the key: *A Writer's Life*. Cameron has a cloudy eye for character, and occasionally she writes as heavily as a damning mouse, but she shows a keen perception for the scores and themes of MacLennan's needs. All his books intervene personal history with the public face, and his classical training gave him a firmer base for fiction than one might imagine. The cartoon image of him—a nutcracker who helped establish a tradition and a context for Canadian writing—is more





than a little ironic, given MacLennan's strenuous ambition to be a major literary artist who merely happens to come from Canada. But although he has chafed against that image, he has never betrayed his readers or forsaken his country. Anyone coming fresh to his work today will probably take Canadian literature poetry much for granted. *Hugh MacLennan* offers a salutary reminder that his mere existence was a subject of controversy only 40 years ago.

On the second last page, Cameron suddenly says, "It is not surprising that he so often imagined himself to be a Christ-like martyr." This kind of talking, unexplained remark makes one suspect that, sometime in the future, there will be a book about Cameron's life. There will be necessary, written by someone with a desire to understand the large areas of his experience that Cameron leaves deliberately unexplained. Conceived as homage to a master novelist, this book is a work of art, a work of feeling, graceful, luminous respect and not much affection for its subject. Perhaps the Scottish blood in him required full disclosure. Whatever the reason, and far all Cameron's knowledge of his craft, such figures are not to be described. Cameron's was a rare life, one giving a novel body. —MARC ALAN

**A white and  
deadly silence**

**OBASAN**  
*See* **JOY KINGSLEY**  
*Master of Divine Devotion, 1921-1941*

**D**esperal is such an innocuous word—overhanded and fair-sounding, like dividing food among refugees. But when it is applied to people, to the Japanese-Chinese of 1945 and Jay Kingren's north, Obama, it becomes worse than *harder words*: ex-

few, intermittent, banishment. These are conditions that had a time limit, implying that after the war there was a chance to go home, to gather the severed threads of life in Vancouver, along the B.C. coast, in fishing villages. Desperation meant that families and communities were thrown like handfuls of seed over the Rocky Mountains to fall where they could—invariably scattered.

The central characters of *Ghanaese*, the children Nana and Stephen, their Uncle Inana and his wife, Ghana, and up in Leithridge, Alita, robot-workers in the sugar beet fields FIND ALIT FIVE-SENS NOT BEET WORKERS answered a Leithridge paper at the time, much misery producing the beet harvest over. It is in the beet fields—so hot during the tending, her skin cracking in the blowing dust—that Ghana perfects the protective armor that this book is trying to break. "She has learned it well, the armor, its wonders. Over the years, often within her small body has grown huge and powerful."

Everyone who inhabits the book is distressed by Obasan's silence. Stephen grows up and runs away from it into an Asia-Japanese world. Aunt Kimiko, who was exiled to Tsurima, is a woman of words. She tells him of her "warrior" thinking loudly and demanding redress. Naoko, the book's narrator, sympathizes with it: "The horror would surely be easier if they refused to speak" and tries to find out Aunt Kimiko's "showers of horrific dehumanization, the death of her mother, her mother's death to the government." But she ends up trying to break it because bound to the war, in the no-talk novel, is the fate of her mother and her grandmother. Kanao, who disappeared to Japan just before Aunt Kimiko's death, is a woman of words. Naoko is confused, a 50-year-old spinster schoolteacher attached by a long, thin wire of writing to the summer of her fifth year, when an asexual hair bodiced with paper streamers carried her mother away. The book is a series of letters, of falls and falls and falls from her head like survivors of queer war.

Her mother's absence and Naama's push to discover her makes this last documented prose poem an offense and injustice gone as a novel. Other narrative questions are left unanswered, characters often like shadows on a wall—even Obasan, who is denied her human shape to become the defining metaphor of the book.

But the fate of the mother keeps tugging you through to the final, almost incoherent stage, caught in a letter from Grandmother Kato, which is found and finally read among Kinty's papers. She and her daughter were visiting relatives in Nagasaki on Aug. 3, 1945. All she heard was a child yelling in the



### *Kigoma: the victory of dispersal*

street, "Look at the parachute! Drifting down at the end of its lines was a silence so white and deadly it transformed Gibson's prisms of quiet into the flash of a second. That Kogawa could encompass that bomb burst, and hold it and tie it to the lives of her characters—use it to illuminate and equate their Canadian refugee pain—is a feat of articulation as difficult as teaching a stone to speak. —ANNE COLLINS

## Fathers, sons and homely ghosts

DAD  
by William Wharton  
(*Monks House, 1880*)

Men and death have done well by writers in our time, and some would be tempted to say the relationship has outlived its welcome. But fathers and sons have remained alive in the pen, as though the subject were some uncontested tabu in North American fathers and sons hardly ever touch, seldom talk and generally avoid male-bonding rituals but are still separated by distance. Of the best that can be hoped for, fathers and sons are likely to eventually become friendly strangers. Wilson Whartor's second novel, *Dead*, sits right at least to tackle the subject of society's most mismatched twin.

Finally, the maiden effort from Wharton (a pseudonym for an apparently far more painter), turned the author's anonymity into a form of celebrity. Telling a story of a boy who wanted to be a cenary, it alternately soared into the atmosphere of originality and plummeted into the depths of banality. Un-

the first, as Dad always granted want of the first, very much like *Frankie*. It is told from the point of view of two first-person narrators: One is John Trenton, a 60-year-old artist who has returned from France to attend to a family crisis. His mother, a bossy woman for whom dire is the enemy and her children's well-being is the enemy's enemy, has had a heart attack. While she recuperates and gives herself another, Dad, unable to fend for himself as a result of being under maternal rule for so long, lapses into an odd, catatonic state following a hospital stay for cancer. The other narrator is Trenton's son Billy, a 20-year-old photographer who has been fighting since the death of a father. As John and Billy drive across America after the crisis, all is revealed.

During this seemingly endless odyssey we discover that Dad has been lying, the Baby, a fantasy life of his own which nobody knows about or even suspected. Dad's behavior is ripe for the most certainly correct, but far in detail, neurotic, misreading detail written in a cloyingly simple and colloquial style. Dad reeks of autobiography which can be, and is in this instance, one of the most overbearing of human genres. Wharton's novel is not so much a study of a man as it is a study of "self" as it is about the operating logic of holding up a pit: pit the explanations of the action in the novel are unbearably tedious and baroque. What people have for breakfast, for example, isn't particularly interesting—especially if it's a new sort egg. There are many descriptions of food. The title itself is a pun: the painful, mysterious pain/dance it has always been.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

## Fiction

1. *Mobile Home, Cleveland (1)*
2. *Gorky Park, South (3)*
3. *God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (1)*
4. *The Constant, Michener (1)*
5. *Goodbye Jeannie, Robbins (3)*
6. *Cavaliers, Vidal (2)*
7. *Men of Men, Smith*
8. *The Crown of God, West (2)*
9. *APLs, Grainger (1)*
10. *The Gutter Game, Wamboldt (1)*

## Nonfiction

- 1 The Lord God Made Them All, Herrick (1)
- 2 The Eagle's Gift, Cushman (32)
- 3 Common, Rogers (34)
- 4 Devere's Book of the Royal Wedding, Vickers (3)
- 5 The Beverly Hills Diet, Mudd (4)
- 6 War Between the Generals, Irving (3)
- 7 Patton's Gap, Sullivan
- 8 The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Zimmer (43)
- 9 Paper Money, Smith (4)
- 10 Maple Prayers, Macdonald (10)

(2) Phantom East was

# A hop, skip into the heart

From Terry Fox, individual belief; from government, group cynicism

By Allan Fotheringham

The miracle of Terry Fox is that he walked a country that is built for driving. The most sparsely populated large mass of land on earth is designed for regional differences and serenity produced by rulers too far away from the ruled. If you consider the distances, and the time zones, and the cultures, and the languages, it's a wonder the whole mass hasn't come apart at the seams long ago. Canada, as the mass is called, has too much geography and too few people. Terry Fox, starting at the opposite end of the country to where he lived, crossed the country like a zipper, pulling it together by the time he was halfway across it. He did it on one leg and a huge heart, and the interesting thing is that he did something that all the politicians, with all their structures and advertising machines and control of the public purse, haven't been able to do. He made Canada think as one.

What the politicians have achieved, with all their powers, is not impressive. If you consider the 18 years since Pierre Elliott Trudeau came to power (Joe Clark, the Vice-Premier, included), there really doesn't seem much improvement in the way of the nation.

The Liberals are now loved even more tightly into Quebec, their dominance in most of the country less of Parliament, due only to their control of one province. They have ceased being a national party. The party that is almost always in power has died completely as a provincial party in the half of the country that is the richest, the fastest-growing and with most of the resources. The Conservative structure was worse off in French Canada than they were 18 years ago and stand no chance of returning to power until they can do something about the law stance they enjoy, even with a bilingual leader. Terry Trudeau, heading into bed with Liberal Ottawa, a desperate attempt not to pay fair energy prices to John Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Tory Alberta, is now even more resented in the West as a selfish fading giant that will do anything, strike any deal, to protect its comfortable role at the top of the heap.

Quebec is now run by a government—twice approved by the voters—that states quite openly its main purpose is to break up the country. In the West, there are now people—mechanics and millwrights—going around advertising the very same thing in search of the credible leader who could strike due

centre," is explosive on his nose, and all the high-ranked politicians lined up to attend the memorial services. In death, there is not only dignity, but none.

It was perhaps fitting that the government chose the very day of the funeral of this most idealistic of young men to unveil what must be its most cynical act in some time. Peter Sinclair, a Toronto back-bencher and a convincing reprobate of Mr. Trudeau, was phoned into the Senate to open a safe seat for

Jim Coates, the prime minister's principal secretary. Peter Sinclair is 46 years old, his awaiting reward of 10 years of unclouded senility enough to twist his arm and do a favour for a pal—and a derivative nose-drumming to the voters who endorsed him just over a year ago. The Liberals, ever alert to the nuances of democracy, called the legislation for Aug. 13, in the very hottest part of summer in the sleepy confines of Toronto-Spadina, content in the belief that every thinking citizen will be thinking politics that day.

Mr. Trudeau has always shown the same respect for the political system, the ruthless use of rewards for those not wanted, the manipulation of the system for the benefit of his friends. When a previous principal secretary, Jack Austin, became too nonconformist after only 18 months in the job, he was asked to resign the post immediately. He was 43. Trudeau candidate Pierre Deneau was a good man but a bad politician, and when he was parachuted into an arranged Quebec by-election the voters said so thank you. Perhaps Toronto-Spadina will exert being used as part of the Liberal transfer-of-power game.

That got another sly shuffling of the chairs at the top some on the day when the rest of the nation was doing some quiet soul-searching fits in as well with the gap between at the top and those who must submit. It's why Canada stood upon the example of the beg who proved himself so much more a man than all of us. Where they stood division, he brought us together.



The federal structure, with a majority government that is in no electoral peril, can not make the state-run broadcasting network apacine and can not deliver the media. One's faith in structures goes downhill. It's why the nation yawned and pushed and lifted when the lad with the hop and the skip tried something on his own. He raised \$26 million—a dollar for every Canadian. He also gave every single one of them a little more a belief in the individual and as a provincial as opposed to governments.

Even more than usual, the constricted, ossified nature of political response trailed far behind public feeling until almost the hour of Terry Fox's death. In an embarrassing humanitarian reversal of policy, the government resembled to catch up to the mood of the country and announced it would, after all, distribute a stamp dedicated to someone who had stirred the population as no politician could. Money was quickly found for an Ottawa "youth

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